

I GOT NOTHING

Denouement with a deathwish p.19

GIMME S'MORE

All you can eat sports' smorgasbord p.22

HE AIN'T HEAVY

He's my brother p.14



The Other Press

PLASTER CASTING MORE THAN BIG FEET SINCE 1976

Issue 26 Vol 32 June 6, 2006



IN SEARCH OF

SASSQUATCH!

PAGE 12

THE OTHER PRESS

2

The Other Press
Published since 1976

Room 1020 – 700
Royal Avenue,
New Westminster, BC
V3L 5B2

Telephone: 604.525.3542
Fax: 604.525.3505

Managing Editor
Colin "The Yeti" Miley
othereditor@yahoo.ca

News Editor
Nicole "Bigfoot" Burton
opnewseditor@gmail.com

Opinions Editor
Brandon "Bigfeet" Ferguson
opinionsubmit@hotmail.com

Arts & Entertainment Editor
Iain "The Sighting" Reeve
aeditor@gmail.com

Features Editor
Kevin "Banana Lover" Welsh
opfeatures@gmail.com

Sports Editor
Brian "Longarms" McLennon
mclennonb@douglas.bc.ca

Fiction Editor
Sajja "Killer" Kabir

Proofreader
Vince "The Abominal Snowman" Yim

Graphics
"Bumbles" Blattmann
boomboomdarkroom@yahoo.ca

Layout
"Mumbles" Hargreavess
saraharmerstolemystereo@yahoo.com

Photography
Jen "Caught it on Film" Aird

Web/I.T.
Ed "The Western Stranger in a Cave" Keech
other_press@shaw.ca

Distribution Manager
Derek "Amazing Lifting Power" Ungless

Office Manager
J.J. "Squatch" McCullough
wart_mamu@yahoo.com

Accountant
Alyona "The Forest Dweller" Luganskaya
tradexilc@hotmail.com

Columnists
Amanda Aikman
Brady Ehler
JJ McCullough
Iain Reeve
Steph Smith

Illustrator
J.J. McCullough
wart_mamu@yahoo.com

External Relations
The Sasquatch Inn, Hemlock Mountain

Contributors
Jen Aird, Brady Ehler, Kevin Lalonde,
Chelsea Mushaluk, Luke Simcoe, Vince Yim

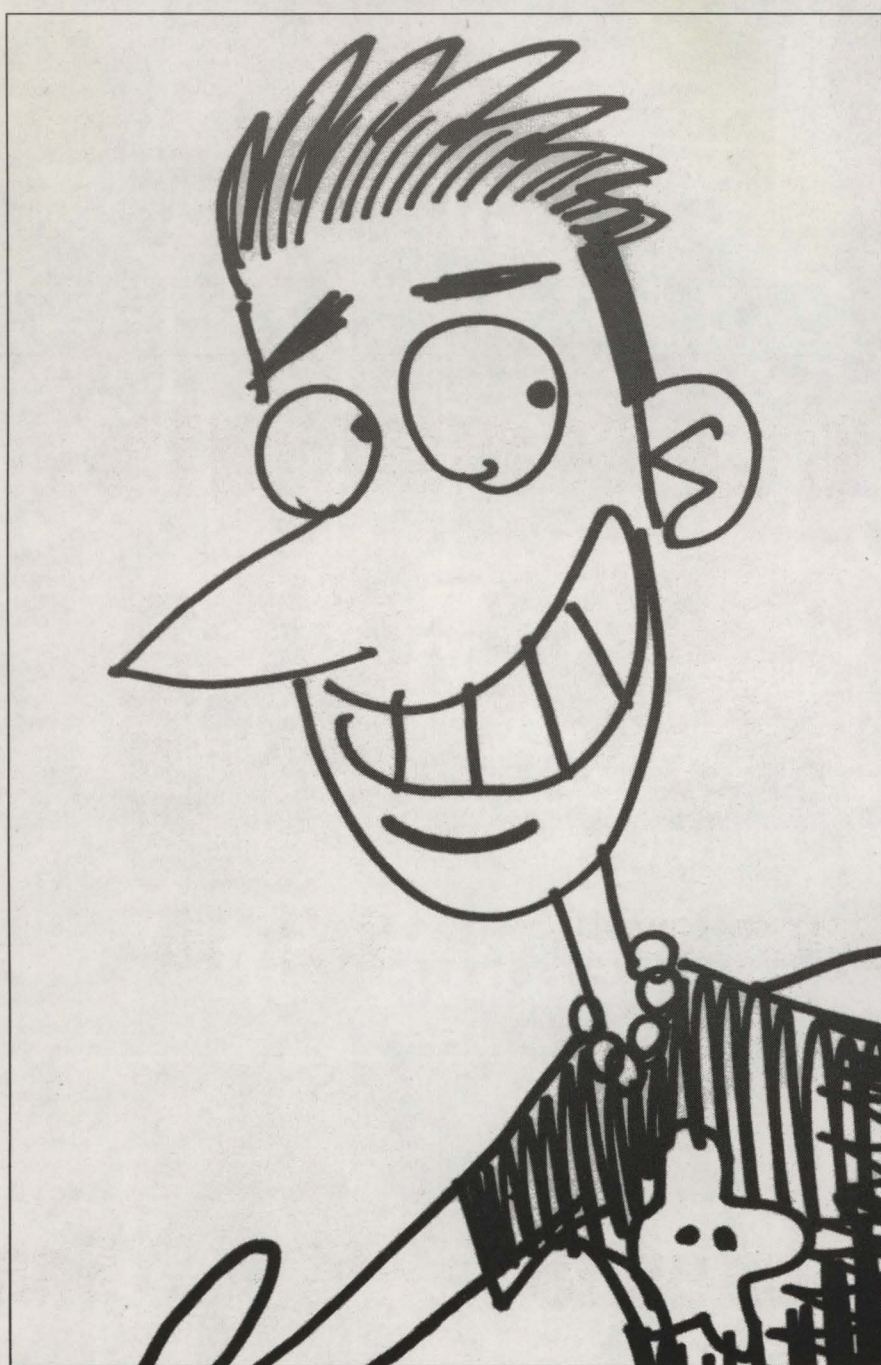
The Other Press is Douglas College's
autonomous student newspaper.

The Other Press is run by a collective and
is published weekly during the fall and winter
semesters, and monthly (as a magazine) dur-
ing the summer.

We receive our funding from a student
levy collected every semester at registration,
and from local and national advertising rev-
enue. The Other Press is a member of the
Canadian University Press (CUP), a coopera-
tive of student newspapers from across
Canada. We adhere to CUP's Statement of
Common Principles and Code of Ethics—
except when it suits us not to. The Other
Press reserves the right to choose what to
publish, and will not publish material that is
racist, sexist, or homophobic. Submissions
may be edited for clarity and brevity if neces-
sary.

All images are copyright to their
respective owners.

June 9, 2006



Congratulations to J.J. McCullough again...what a patriot!

THE OP MUSIC CHARTS — Otherwise known as...
What we listened to during the creation of this issue:

CBC Radio 3—Podcast #52
Hairy Manback and the Sasquatch 5—We Use The Quatro!
The Jen Aird Mix 5000—Good Trevor Songs R US
Poo/Pee and the Excrements—Good Shiz
Coors Light and Back Problems—Ride Free At The Lamplighter

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

The weekly deadline for submissions is
Wednesday for publication the following
Wednesday. Letters to the Editor, vacant sec-
tions, and "time-sensitive" articles (weekend
news, sports, and cultural reviews) will be
accepted until Saturday noon and can be sub-
mitted to the editor at: othereditor@yahoo.ca

All other submissions should be forward-
ed to the appropriate section editor. Please
include your name, phone number/email
address, and word count, and submit via
email as an MS Word.doc attachment to the
attention of the appropriate editor.

The Other Press is run by a collective,
which means all decisions are reached via a
democratic voting process. Membership in
the voting collective is open to any person
who has contributed to at least two of three
consecutive issues. Those interested in join-
ing the Other Press collective should contact
the editor at othereditor@yahoo.ca

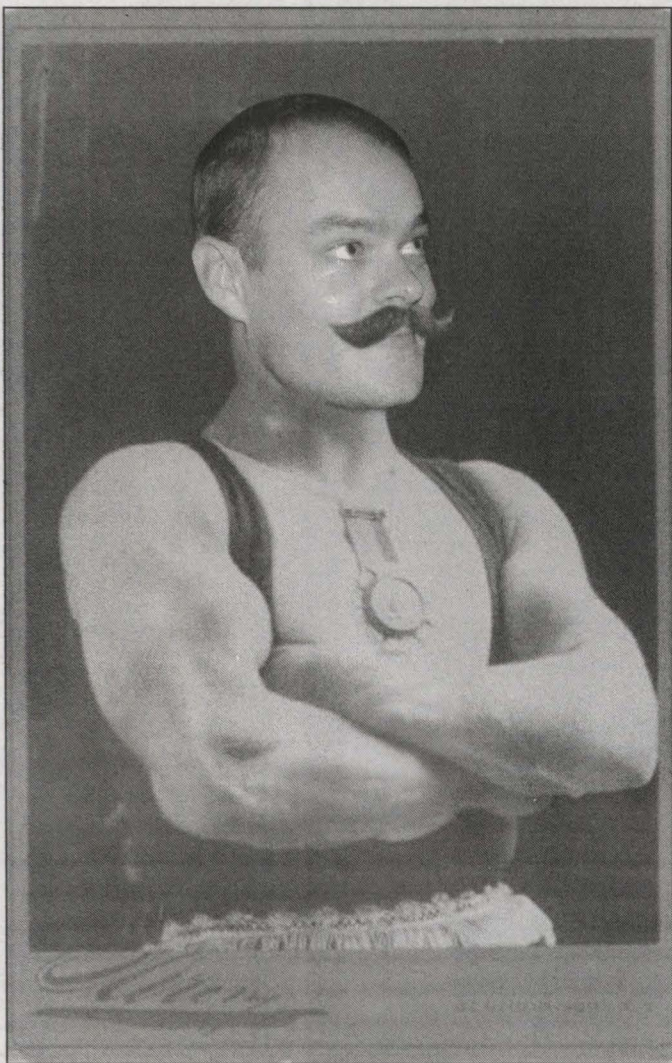
News
opnewseditor@gmail.com

Opinions
opinionsubmit@hotmail.com

A & E
aeditor@gmail.com

Features
opfeatures@gmail.com

Sports
mclennonb@douglas.bc.ca



Summertime reminds me of my youth. It reminds me of the long days spent roaming streets I swear were deserted. There were probably people everywhere, but I was a kid then, and kids don't have time to notice unimportant things like passersby—there's simply too much fun to be had. Summer reminds me of huge backyards and being dirty and pick-up hockey games played out in abandoned tennis courts. Basically, summer reminds me of Langley, where I spent my first ten years in this life.

I was different then, more different than Langley is now, even though it's changed considerably. There are one-way streets now in the one-horse town of my youth. But thinking back on it, I remember finding a Colt on the ground with an inch still left to be smoked on it. I remember firing the sucker up. I remember that it hurt my lungs and I knew that I had to head for the bushes because you can't walk down the road smoking Colts when you're nine, not even in Langley.

Langley's heart has always been in the soil, and try as City Hall might, that remains fact even today. Amongst all the urban sprawl and shitty strip malls, between the box stores and the giga-box stores, Langley still has the stink of the farm on it. I haven't lived there in a decade and a half, but I still know the short cuts.

But that's the thing about shortcuts in your old hometown; they all seem to lead straight into a labyrinth of memories. I remember Steve Boreman and my brother Chris putting a hose on Doug's family's door, setting it up so it was spraying perfectly to soak whoever answered the ringing bell. I remember that Doug's whole family was away that day until around 11pm, when they returned home to find their basement flooded in eight inches of water. I remember Chris hiding under the bed when Doug's dad was raging about what he'd do if he

ever got his hands on Steve Boreman. Chris got away scot-free.

I remember the day my pops split, and long nights at a bay window in a house that burned to the ground 6-months after my family moved out (we'd been there almost ten years and it was an electrical fire due to faulty wiring). I remember my dad staying with us when my mom had mono, but really she just needed a break from raising three kids. She went and lived two miles away with her then boyfriend. I only saw her maybe once a month, and no touching was allowed.

I remember getting a kitchen knife and searching for Charles Manson after reading a page from *Helter Skelter*, running bush to bush with a gang of my eight closest friends. I remember Ronny, the dirty kid who lived in the slanty shanty on the corner of 53rd and 203rd. That house is still there. I remember getting caught shoplifting with my brother, the two of us bolting down a hallway at exactly the same time and actually getting away. I ran home and hid under the bed, my lungs on fire, scared that we'd been tailed. I was eight then.

Kids hide under the bed a lot. It *was* the best place to hide—it's dark and if you can't see them, it figures that they can't see you. I miss that kind of logic.

I can't keep this up for too much longer, the reminiscing has its cost, and today that cost is a sad longing for the years I pissed away. Years spent cracking my knuckles, staring at the sky, and wondering just how big it is up there anyway. And the whole time I was staring, I didn't even notice that they were putting one-way streets in my old hometown.

You can't go back, so you may as well go forward—into June's Other Press. It's tomorrow's history today....

—Colin Miley, Editor-in-Chief

SASQUATCH OF CONTENTS



News 4



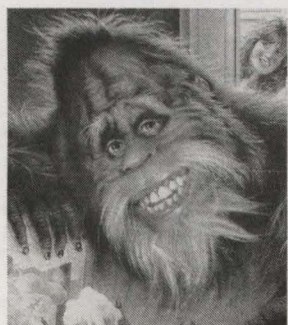
Opinions 7



A&E 10



WTF 23



Features 16



Sports 20

Vancouver Area Big Sisters Program Holding Information Sessions Organization Encourages Women Students to Volunteer

Nicole Burton, News Editor



In a public service announcement last month, Big Sisters of BC Lower Mainland announced that they will be holding two springtime information sessions this May and June to offer young women in the Lower Mainland more information on how to become a Big Sister.

The Big Sister program, which has been in the Lower Mainland since the 1950s and consists of more than 400 volunteers, is this year looking to register women aged 19 and up to be matched up with nearly 100 girls currently on the waitlist of the Big Sister program.

For more information about the Big Sister Program, check out their website at www.bigsisters.bc.ca or call 604.873.4525 ext. 300.

Bachelor of Therapeutic Recreation Now Offered Douglas College Announces a New Degree Opportunity

Nicole Burton, News Editor



Starting in September of 2006, Douglas students will now have the opportunity receive a Bachelor of Therapeutic Recreation.

The Bachelor of Therapeutic Recreation will specialize in helping people to rehabilitate after severe accidents and injuries, become more independent, and once again connected to family and community life.

The program was previously offered up to receiving a diploma, but more and more students entering the field are now seeing that extra education is key to landing good jobs.

"You earn more with a degree," said Jordan Kerton, who received the TR diploma in 2005 but is now considering coming back to Douglas for the degree. "Facilities like GF Strong Rehabilitation Centre and hospital settings are looking for people with degrees."

While the Bachelor of Therapeutic Recreation (or

BTR) may be the first of its kind in British Columbia, it now qualifies Douglas students for taking the National Council for Therapeutic Recreation Certification (NCTRC) exam. If Kerton were to take this path and pass, she would become a Certified Therapeutic Recreation Specialist.

"The degree [at Douglas College] now brings us to a level where we can recruit graduates into roles that lead directly to supervisory and management positions," says Kevin Pike, Parks and Community Services Director for West Vancouver, who said he was very pleased with the news of having this new degree program.

Pike continued, "The program [at Douglas College] not only has a solid track record, but also contains the experienced faculty active in the field, who give the necessary confidence to those of us hiring both young and more mature graduates."

Canada: "Failing the Country's Poor" UN report slams Canadian government for poverty, discrimination

Nicole Burton, News Editor

In an 11-page report released on May 19, the United Nations Committee on Economic, Social, and Cultural Rights criticized Canada for the government's treatment of oppressed people within Canada.

Among the different marginalized groups mentioned in the report are youth, indigenous people, people with disabilities, single moms, and women in general.

The report's release came after an examination several weeks prior of Canada's compliance with the International Covenant on Economic, Social, and Cultural Rights by a committee of 18 different independent experts. In this, a Canadian delegation gave a report to the committee and received questions and criticisms in response.

As part of the Canadian delegation to the compliance examination in early May, Alan Kessel, a legal adviser to the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade, presented Canada's report and said that Canada is

"proud of its record of achievement in the promotion of economic, social, and cultural rights." Kessel emphasized that the Canadian government's focus at present was on childcare, lower taxes, healthcare, and crime reduction. He also said that Canada leads the way in promoting human rights domestically and internationally.

"The committee is concerned that, despite Canada's economic prosperity and the reduction of the number of people living below the 'Low Income Cut Off' (poverty indicator), 11.2 percent of its population still lived in poverty in 2004," says the report.

The report also includes a harsh criticism of Canada for additionally refusing to comply with recommendations from two previous reports dating as far back at 1989. The report says that "...poverty rates remain very high" among all sections of marginalized groups.

"Many of the issues our committee raised in 1993 and

1998 are unfortunately still live issues today," said poverty expert Ariranga Govindasamy Pillay. "Years later, the situation appears to be unchanged, and in some respects worse."

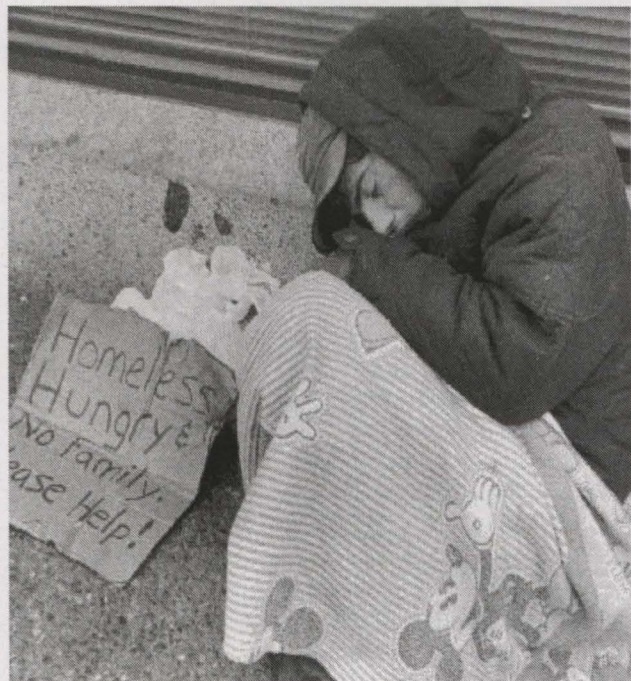
Besides poverty rates, other sections of the report specifically focus on Social Assistance Levels, Aboriginals, and Children.

With more than 75 percent of the Canadian population falling into the categories of different marginalized groups, community organizations are enforcing that this UN report isn't anything special—it just reflects what is a real problem in Canada.

According to a media release by several community organizations in Toronto, more than 25 Canadian non-governmental organizations submitted information to the review.

Welfare Practices in BC are Hurting, Not Helping, Says Report

Bryna Hallam, CUP British Columbia Bureau Chief



VICTORIA (CUP)—Getting on welfare in B.C. is no easy task.

Just ask Jack. The 20-year-old, who prefers not to use his real name, is living on the streets of Victoria. Since he is unable to prove he has worked 840 hours over a period of two years, he has not been able to get on welfare. Though he may fall under one of the many exceptions to the rule, he says he will not apply again.

The so-called two-year independence test was one of many changes to welfare that came into effect in April 2002. Other changes included the introduction of a three-

week wait before a "take-in" interview can be conducted, the implementation of a 1-800 line for initial enquiries, and a compulsory online orientation.

According to Bruce Wallace, the changes had only one goal: to reduce the number of people on welfare in BC, and ultimately reduce the ministry's budget. To do so, asserts Wallace, the government has deliberately made accessing welfare difficult.

It's worked, too—since the Liberals were elected in 2001, the number of people on welfare has fallen by 100,000, or about 42 percent. The steepest declines were in 2002 and 2003, after the reforms were implemented. The government has trumpeted the reduction as a success, claiming it means more people are being "diverted" to employment.

But Wallace, one of the authors of Denied Assistance, a report by the Canadian Centre for Policy Alternatives and the Vancouver Island Public Interest Research Group, questions that assertion.

"Is helping fewer people really a success story?" Wallace asked before pointing out that the number of people leaving welfare—presumably for employment—has not changed. "This is about less people being able to get on welfare in the first place."

The report, based on government documents gained through freedom of information requests and interviews, examined the impact of the reforms. It found that fewer people are receiving welfare, due largely in part to the new eligibility criteria and application process. Instead, people are being diverted to homelessness, charities, and other survival strategies, including relying on survival sex.

This trend, says Wallace, has been seen throughout the province. According to Vancouver's 2005 Homeless Count,

the number of homeless people in the city grew from 1,121 in 2002 to 2,174 in 2005. Nearly half of those people were in shelters, the rest on the street.

In 2004, Kelowna, the largest city in BC's southern interior with a population 105,000, found there were more than 400 people living on the streets or shelters during the city's Census of Homeless People.

The government has defended its policies. The independence test, for example, "promotes self-reliance through employment and discourages dependency on income assistance," wrote then-Minister of Human Resources Susan Brice in a March 2005 letter to the Community Social Planning Council of Greater Victoria.

Even in the face of the report, the ministry remained steadfast, with Employment and Income Assistance Minister Claude Richmond rejecting suggestions that welfare policies are to blame for the increase in homelessness.

"It's a phenomenon that is increasing continent-wide in every city, large and small," he told reporters.

According to Richmond, 46,000 people have left welfare and found steady employment since 2001.

"Their claims of success are based on a total lack of evidence," said Wallace, adding research for Denied Assistance found that no surveys or follow up have been done to determine what happens to people when they do not receive welfare.

The report calls for a number of changes, including the elimination of the three-week wait and the two-year independence test, which can delay or deny assistance to people regardless of their need.

Wallace also calls for a change to the way people think about welfare. "We need to stop thinking of welfare as the problem," he said, "and recognize poverty as the problem."

Quiet – But Not Quite Shut Down

Douglas Shifts into the summer semester

While many of us take a break from school (or at least a full course load) over the summer break, Douglas College remains open and active. Here are some important dates and deadlines for the Summer Students to remember:

June 1 Deadline to apply for transfer credit to ensure credit has been recorded to meet course pre-requisites for Fall registration.

Deadline for Bursary applications administered by Douglas College for Summer Semester only.

Student Loan Applications for Fall available on-line at www.bcsap.bc.ca.

June 6–7 Summer Graduation.

June 12–16 Mid-semester – students may obtain mid-semester standing from instructors during this week in order to make decisions about dropping courses by the deadline below.

July 2 Last day to drop a course or completely withdraw from College (students will receive a "W" on permanent record).

July 3 College closed.

July 26–Sept. 16 Applications and reapplications for Fall and all documents for General Admission programs must be submitted in-person only. Applicants applying or reapplying during this period will receive a registration time in the last priority time slots or later.

Aug. 1–Aug. 16 Registration – Fall Semester – By College priority.

Aug. 2 Last day of classes.

Aug. 7 College closed – BC Day.

Aug. 3–12 Examination Period.

Aug. 11 Grades due for classes without a final exam.

Aug. 16 Grades due for classes with a final exam.

Aug. 21 Deadline to pay tuition fees for Fall semester. (Domestic students)

Pope Benedict XVI: Sheiser's Return

How symbols seem to soothe even the deepest of aches

Brandon Ferguson, OP Contributor

Pope Benedict the Sullen recently visited Auschwitz where he imparted this divine bit of wisdom: "In a place like this, words fail; in the end, there can be only a dread silence, a silence which itself is a heartfelt cry to God: Why, Lord, did you remain silent? How could you tolerate all this?"

Yes Lord...why?

So, we have a German pontiff visiting the most infamous of all the Nazi death camps to remind Christians to never forget when God let millions of Jews, Gypsies, gays, guys and girls die at the hands of fascist bastards seeking to purify the Aryan race. It was the Pope's third visit to Auschwitz; his first was in 1983 with Polish Pope John Paul II. As a 14-year-old, Pope Benedict XVI was a member of Hitler's Junior Nazi Jamboree. His parents strongly opposed Hitler, as did all Germans...after the war.

This is a huge visit, filled with contradictions and ironies, none more so than the following symbol of society's ineptitude: God's earthly messenger reneged on an amazing opportunity to apologize to Jews as a German.

However, by simply being there, as a German pope at the site of the worst non-biblical Jewish atrocity in history, he has already accomplished what he intended. He's created a symbol; a lasting image that further diminishes our knowledge of what happened by creating a new version of what's happening—like a rainbow from the rain clouds, God now smiles favourably, even forgivingly, down upon Auschwitz.

Before I join the ranks of my other Other Press colleagues and awkwardly wax poetic about all the things wrong with the world, let me first impart a story with a minor moral to it.

A few years ago, I was invincible.

Cars ran me down, cops laid me out, falls felt funny

and haymakers never hit their mark. It could have been the drugs, it should have been the death wish, but for some damn reason nothing ever knocked me down.

This was, however, not always the case.

This invincibility that ripped me from invisibility was borne from the death of my dad. On that suddenly drizzly day, I left the world of wondrously naïve reality and entered one of cold empty symbolism.

It had rained for eight straight days, from death to funeral, and cleared up only one hour before the service. The service was administered by a kind pastor who never met my pop's voice, in a church we had never visited outside of Christmas. I presented a eulogy filled with words that lyrically explained him without physically embracing him. My mother, sister, and I sat in the front row as prayers were read, tears were wept, and a video tribute was shown. Triangle sandwiches and refreshments were served afterwards.

A few years back, my sister and I got drunk. Our mom was away and so the party was instantly underway. It was a strange time in our lives: a time when I would bring Zig Zags and rolls of toilet paper to a friend's house and he would return the favour with stolen CDs and razor blades. Somehow, one reflective night on day two of our three-day kitchen party, we got it in our heads that branding was cool. Hold the blade under the flame and let the pain soothe what burnt us away.

Razor blades are straight. A single line, an inch and a half long, it can measure years by rail and miles by map. Millimeters thick, it makes perfect rails for miniature trains. Feeling loco, with no particular motive, my sis and I warmed the blade until it emanated red. Holding it steady with needle nosed pliers, we proceeded to burn a symbol into our skin. After the flesh had sizzled and the skin had split, we wiped away the brown stain of char to reveal three horizontal lines intersected by a single vertical one. It was our family. It was our bond.

Three new lives painfully bound by one.

It's stupid, really, the symbolism of these self-inflicted scars, but it remains the most important moment in a sibling rivalry turned revelry, in a relationship where the one person I hated the most has become the one person I am closest to.

To this day, my father has no grave. There is no place to visit him, no plot to place flowers upon. Instead, his timeline is tattooed on my arm and my family is burned into my skin. While the scars and chars of inflicted pain will eventually fade and go away, the lessons learned and memories will always remain. It's just somehow comforting to have something tangible to feel, something real to touch.

So when I consider the Pope, so fraught with opportunity to mock and despise him, I'm surprised at how empty my attack would be. Sure, there hasn't been a single Jewish soul saved or resurrected like the Lord's son from the glum despair of what was the largest acknowledged tragedy of the last

100 years, so what exactly has this visit accomplished? However, maybe there's no need for more than symbolic lip service. The Pope, God's earthly right hand man (even if voted in by mere mortals to serve until death or the equally tragic unpopularity ends his reign) has taken it upon himself to stand with God in a most evil place. The ramifications of the act are obscure; the symbolism is not.

God does not agree with the systematic execution of a race. People with faith pay notice.

In a world where doctrines upon doctrines are debated upon, poured over, and signed without ever taking a step towards their intended purpose (see the litany of well-intentioned endeavors that have yet to take a step in the right direction, from the Sudan to Kyoto, here), this frumpy old man who has given his life over to a higher purpose took frail if calculated steps through the mud of Auschwitz, a dreadful place he may have been forced to serve in had he been born only four years later in life.

The pictures are ridiculous; a white robed man followed by an army of black bishops mucking around behind him. It's as incredulous as the image of a short dark-featured man with a soul patch moustache leading an Aryan army into murderous infamy. But these sorts of things happen, and sometimes you do goofy things that mean nothing but symbolize everything you're willing to do to move on from tragedy.

The scars are hideous; three white lines cut across by a single white sear marking the connection to our father and the affection between mother, son, and daughter. It's as horrible as the day he died, though far less painful. But these sorts of things happen all the time, and sometimes it takes a symbol to unite those who walk dazed and bruised through this tragic world.

Sometimes, seemingly empty actions can fill in so much time and space, because it's not always about the symbols sometimes; it's about that which they symbolize.

B Sides



Riding in Style: Liberal fashion critics claim Harper's making America hip again



Right Hook
JJ McCullough, OP Columnist

These days, when you watch the pundits in the United States debate the future of the Democratic Party, the re-occurring criticism is always the same. If the party ever hopes to regain power, then the Democrats must learn to stand *for* something and not simply define themselves as a party that is *against* the Republicans. Now that they too are out of power, much of the same criticisms can be easily be leveled against the Liberal Party in this country. There was a time when the Liberal Party stood for concrete policy ideas. Granted most of these ideas, such as the National Energy Program and the gun registry, were crap, but at least they were something. For the last few years, however, the party has increasingly defined itself solely by being the non-Conservatives. Keep us in to keep them out!

It's possible to form a semi-competent party on the basis of opposition. Indeed, there's no denying that the new Conservative Party itself was formed primarily just to unify Canada's anti-Liberal forces rather than to promote any positive alternative vision. Yet being successful at this game requires a strong talent for criticism and the ability to demolish the arguments of your rivals with devastating skill.

While the Conservatives could clearly do this with the Liberals, it's been interesting to witness the comparative intellectual laziness of Liberal criticism of the Conservative Party now that the tables are turned. Rather than critique Prime Minister Harper on the relative merits of his various policy proposals (and to be sure, there is often ample room for criticism) they have increasingly lapsed into a single narrative, namely: Harper is bad because he is American-style. This line of reasoning has been literally employed as the catch-all criticism against almost everything Harper has done to date.

Harper's throne speech broke with convention and included a callout to some visiting Canadian soldiers and their families. Liberal response? The Prime Minister was Americanizing the tradition with State of the Union-style gimmicks. Harper visits the troops in Afghanistan. Liberal response? The PM is engaging in Bush-style PR moves. Harper announces a new process of appointing Supreme Court judges. The Liberal response? The government is mucking up the judicial branch with American-style reforms.

And on and on it goes, from the size of the Prime Minister's motorcade to his policy of not lowering the flag for recently killed soldiers, Harper's government is being blasted by the Liberal Party for being too Bush-like or American-esque.

One imagines it is just a matter of time before Harper is pilloried for his overly American haircut or Bush blue eyes.

For years, the Liberals governed under the rhetoric that they and they alone were the only party capable of keeping Canada Canadian. The Conservative Party et al were the forces of treason and dishonor, personified by their willingness to embrace American ideas. Yet now that Stephen Harper has Prime Minister before his name, it's getting

increasingly difficult for the Libs to accuse the government of Canada of being an un-Canadian entity. As much as they may wish to believe otherwise, Canada is ultimately a country, not a political party, and policies that are Canadian are simply defined as whatever the nation's ruling policy-makers and politicians decide to do.

The lefties themselves should have learned this by now. After all, not too long ago having a codified Bill of Rights would have been considered a very American idea yet, to his credit, Trudeau created one anyway. Similarly, Chrétien and Martin had no problem airing slanderous attack ads against their electoral opponents over the course of numerous campaigns, despite the fact that such tactics had always been deemed excessively American when the other side used them. Judging from the Liberals own track record, a good idea is a good idea regardless of which country thought of it first.

And therein lies the irony. No one can ever hope to be a true anti-American; for dismissing *all* political ideas with their origins in the US would require rejecting all sorts of cherished icons of the left, from progressive taxation to gay marriage.

When Liberals engage in knee-jerk demonizing of all things American, they are really just doing little more than attempting to evoke a sort of Pavlovian response among a voting public they have consistently tried to indoctrinate to believe "America" always equals "evil."

Of course, if recent polls are any indication, the Prime Minister's ideas are proving to be tremendously popular, American or otherwise. This fact should be endlessly distressing to the Liberals. If they're not careful, they just might end up giving the United States a good name.

President Crazy

The problem of madness in politics



Left Overs
Iain Reeve, OP Fella

As we all know, our system of representative democracy ain't perfect. As citizens, we pretty much accept a submissive position in this system, willfully surrendering our power to a select number of people chosen through some magic democratic formula we have trusted for a century and a half. We consistently chastise these folks for ignoring our interests—whether it be ignoring the needs of the

poor (Mr. Harper), the rich (Mr. Layton), the English (Mr. Duceppe), or everyone (Mr. Emerson). The inherent fault in the system is that when one person represents even a few people, let alone a hundred thousand, it is impossible for them to address the needs of everyone. Grudgingly, we've come to accept this. What happens, however, when a politician is not just negligent but downright nutty?

Take North Korea, for example. We all know about North Korean leader Kim Jong Il's recent problems concerning nuclear weapons, but the problems run much deeper. It's easy to point out the goofy glasses and ridiculous hair, but we are also talking about a guy who has had seven children with three simultaneous wives and/or mistresses. And those are just the confirmed ones, with accusations of tons of illegitimate little IIs running around. He has a profound fear of flying, though oddly wears platform shoes on a consistent basis. Also a man of the arts, he is said to have a film collection of over 20,000 films and apparently abducted two South Korean film makers in order to jump start an industry in the North. What a fan-boy.

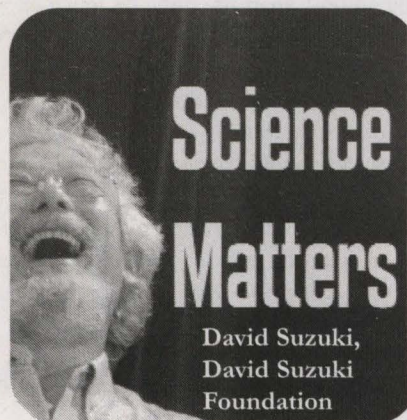
Not to be outdone, Turkmenistan's first and current president, Saparmurat Niyazov, has a lock on all things

politically nutty. In his 15 years in office, the good president has set about on the noble mission of bringing culture to a people he feels lack it in droves. His solution? Name things after him and his family. These things include cities, schools, parks, even a meteorite. The town is also adorned in portraits and statues of the leader, including one atop the highest building in the country which rotates so as to always face the sun. The leader claims he dislikes seeing himself everywhere, he is merely giving the people what they want. His presidential decrees read like a list of demands from some kids that took over a school. Among them is the banning of lip-synching, renaming bread after his mother, banning video games and beards, forcing doctors to swear an oath to him instead of taking the Hippocratic oath, and banning the wearing of makeup by newsmen as he had difficulty telling men and women apart. If that's not abuse of power, what is?

I know what you're thinking. "Well of course there are crazy leaders in the poor, non-democratic countries of the world. That's not so amazing, you idiot!" Well sir, besides not liking your tone, I must inform you that Canada has seen its share of crazies.

During the halcyon Pearson/Trudeau years, a certain

Canada's international reputation in jeopardy



Pity poor George W. Bush—the much-maligned president is at an all-time low in the polls. And if Canada's new prime minister wants to stick around, he should learn from Mr. Bush's presidency and avoid making the same mistakes.

Little mistakes—like flouting important international agreements. Mr. Bush pulled out of the Kyoto Protocol to reduce greenhouse gas emissions, for example, in spite of scientific consensus that the problem is urgent and a public that sees global warming as a serious problem.

Right now, Prime Minister Harper is one-upping the president by flouting not only the original agreement, but also international law. Although the United States and Canada both signed Kyoto back in 1997, only Canada actually adopted the agreement in 2002. So Canada is legally obligated to reduce emissions, the United States is not.

Yet, our new federal government seems bothered not a whit by such details. Instead, it has said that the Kyoto targets are too hard for Canada, so it won't even try to meet them—essentially thumbing its nose at the international

community and the other Kyoto signatories (the majority of whom have already reached their targets or are on track to meet them by the 2012 deadline).

As one of the world's largest, most northerly nations, Canada has much to lose from a changing climate. Warming at the poles is much more pronounced than it is closer to the equator. North of the Arctic Circle, temperatures have risen many times more than average for the Northern Hemisphere.

For these reasons, one could argue that in our own self interest Canada should be leading the world in both climate change research, as well as climate change solutions. And here's another reason: Canada's vast, frozen tundra is also currently a huge carbon sink—that is, the soil holds carbon that could otherwise end up in the atmosphere and speed up global warming.

In fact, many scientists are worried about what will happen when the ground melts and that soil heats up. This could speed up the decomposition of organic matter and release more carbon dioxide and methane (a powerful greenhouse gas) into the atmosphere. In other words, Canada's vast northern landscape could itself become a major source of greenhouse gas emissions. This is why Canada has so much at stake, and has a duty to work towards solutions.

Recently, the federal government hinted that its approach to reducing emissions would involve regulation. That would be a good step, but only if the regulations involve strict targets and timetables. Voluntary targets, which have proven to be popular among governments because they aren't controversial with industry, simply don't work. Unless there are strong mandated targets and timelines, Canada's emissions will continue to rise.

Canada's previous government had earmarked \$150 million to arctic research as part of its contribution to the

2007-2008 International Polar Year. But Prime Minister Harper's recent budget did not mention this funding. Further, the government has said that it will develop a new research policy based on "value for money."

What this means is anyone's guess. Important science does not always pay off with direct financial gain. Will scientific research become politicized in Canada, as it has under President Bush, with politicians deciding the value of research?

One can only hope not. Canada has a strong international reputation as a trustworthy, just nation and also as an environmental leader. All of these positive attributes are currently at risk. Ignoring commitments, politicizing science and dumping on the environment are not exactly sources of pride. Canada's new prime minister would do well indeed to look south of the border for inspiration—and see what happens to the popularity of leaders who ignore the wishes of those they serve.



Left Overs continued:

minister named Paul Hellyer started down a dark path of madness. Ever since making an appearance in a small Alberta town which had built a UFO landing pad, Hellyer has associated himself heavily with UFO lore. Besides his strong belief in the existence of UFOs and speaking out publicly against the cover up at Roswell, Hellyer has recently spoken out against weapons in space. He claims we could accidentally start an intergalactic war with aliens without even knowing what their intentions are. Wow—an intergalactic diplomat.

On top of this, Hellyer has run for both the Liberals and the PCs, created the Canadian Action Party, attempted to merge this party with the NDP to form a "grand party," and after that failed, was rumoured to be considering running for the NDP. Besides a wicked case of political schizophrenia, old Paul also said that Canada needed to unify into a single ruling party in order to stop US influence and takeover.

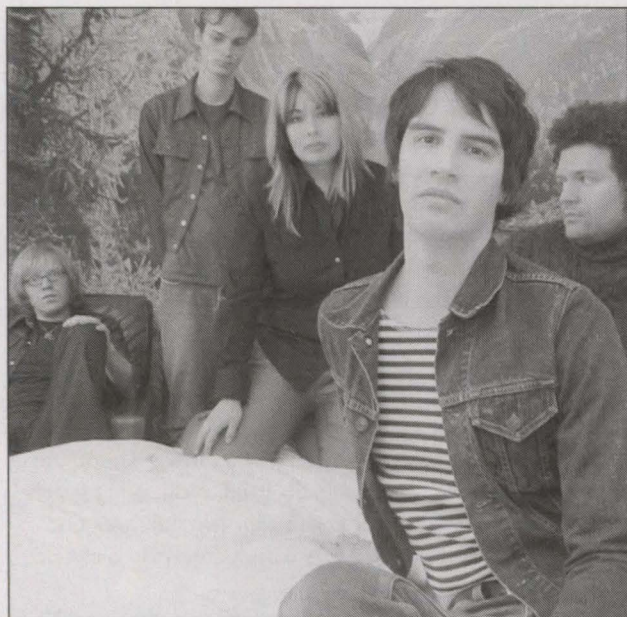
However, the greatest figure in the Canadian political loony bin was of course our longest serving PM, William Lyon Mackenzie King. King often sought consultation before important decisions with spirits, called forward by a trusted medium. He consulted with everyone from Leonardo DaVinci to his mom and dead dog. On top of that, he never married, quite an odd thing for a man of those days. Probably had something to do with the in-laws still getting in the way long after they died.

So what's the point? I suppose the most important thing to come from this dip into madness is the recognition that too much unchecked power is just waiting for abuse by some psycho drunk on power. We need to take a hint from history and make it easier to give the boot to people who get carried away but don't do anything illegal. It would also come in handy when wanting to boot people who are just plain jerks (Mr. Emerson).



The Turn Ons – Parallels

Brady Ehler, OP Contributor



I saw these guys recently at Pub 340 and was quite impressed. As I sometimes do when I am impressed with a band, I went to tell the singer that I enjoyed the show. Thus, I scored The Turn Ons new CD, *Parallels*.

Now, I've gotten a fair amount of free CDs at shows in my day, but this one is even better than the Zimmer's Hole disc that I retrieved from a gigantic silicone vagina on New Years Eve 2004. Sure, *Parallels* isn't as hilarious or bone-grindingly heavy as *Legion of Flames*, but it more than makes up for it in bright, flowing melodies and singable choruses.

This album sounds like British Sea Power meets Interpol meets My Bloody Valentine. I know, it sounds strange. Fortunately, The Turn Ons capitalize on the best virtues of each of those bands, and retain little of their shortcomings. The Turn Ons have the steady dialogue and rhythm of British Sea Power, but more hooks. They have the instrumental dynamic of Interpol, but without the flat vocals and awkward musical phrases. They have the romantic lyricisms and jagged guitar-work of My Bloody

Valentine, but without the pretentiousness.

Upon first listen, *Parallels*, sounds pretty straightforward. Happily, upon repeated listens, the album's depth becomes evident. There are fast songs, slow songs, busy songs, and simple songs.

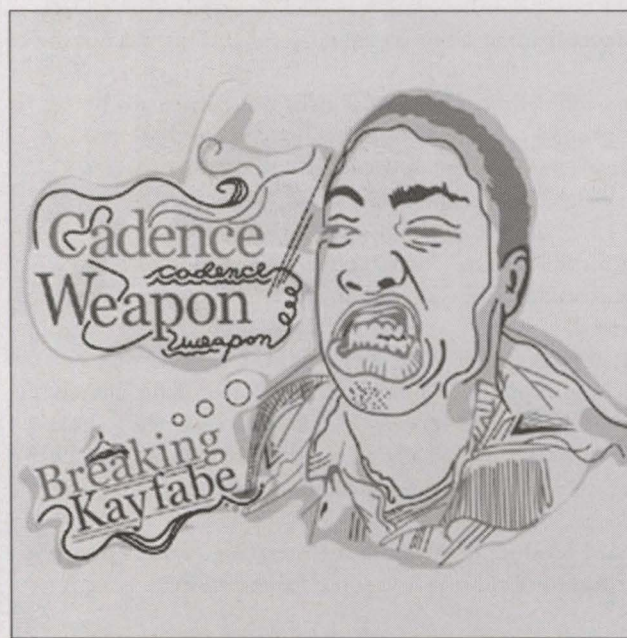
One of the best tracks is "Robert Altman." Featuring ethereal layers of guitars juxtaposed with soft vocal verses, it doesn't sound like Radiohead, but reminds me of it. The louder songs are just as effective as the restrained numbers. A good example is the slowly building "Strange as Snow," which showcases the band's talent in composing pieces conscious of loud/quiet, dynamics, and the virtues or restraint and letting loose.

The music is good initially, but it grows on you like...I don't know, sex organs.

Anyways, *Parallels* is all I've been listening to. It's great. You should check it out.

Cadence Weapon – Breaking Kayfabe (Upper Class; 2005)

Luke Simcoe, OP Contributor



they behave out of character or reveal wrestling events to be staged, as opposed to genuine. I could elaborate on the deeper meanings of all this in light of the album's content, but it's just a cool title that reflects Pemberton's balance of ego and wit.

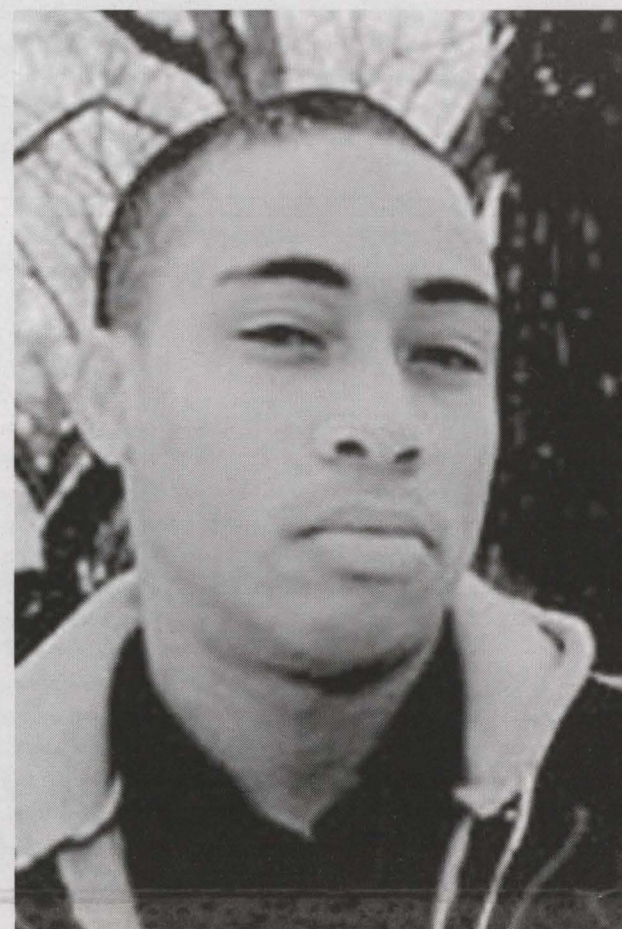
Rollie's father, Teddy Pemberton, single-handedly introduced hip-hop to Edmonton via college radio in the 1980s, and Cadence himself was a former journalism student, who, if you believe his lyrics, dropped out to pursue a hip-hop career, despite a 4.0 GPA and burgeoning writing gigs at *Pitchfork* and *See Magazine* (as well as his own Razorblad Runner blog). His upbringing and his education feature prominently on *Breaking Kayfabe*, an album full of intertextual references to music and pop culture (everything from Flavor Flav to Bob Dylan to Monsanto).

"Oliver Square," the opening track, kicks in with "It's corrupt where I'm from: Edmonton," and proceeds as a geographical and cultural shout-out to E-town. The irony is palpable, but somehow Cadence makes it stick as he raps about having to take the bus to his own shows because he doesn't have a license. It's followed by "Sharks," a "stop biting my shit" number that reminds me of Del rapping over beats-by-Nintendo. The electroclash beats on the album are cool, but they get a little tiring after a while. Luckily, Cadence is able to switch it up enough to keep things afloat as he fills out the album with stories of commercialism ("30 Seconds"), a woman prostituting herself to pay her custody-battle legal fees ("Diamond Cutter"), and, of course, himself. With the possible exception of "Oliver Square," my favourite track on the LP is "Lisa's Spider," on which Cadence shows us his skills, shooting a high word-per-minute rate over complex rhyme structures. He even takes a stab at Talib Kweli, who, after *The Beautiful Struggle*, kind of deserves it, and gives a final shout-out to Capri-Sun!

Pemberton is only 20 years old, and although he carries himself well, he either can't, or doesn't want to escape from his cultural environment (which is *our* cultural environment). It's a good thing though, and as a result, *Breaking Kayfabe* is kind of like a chill night with your friends: you meet up at someone's basement suite, drink some beers and smoke a joint, mock each other, maybe watch some

Family Guy on DVD, and just shoot the shit about school, girls (or boys...), and what's new in music. Maybe you don't get your crunk on and make-out with some "hotties" on the dance floor, but dammit... it's still a good time!

With some of the most amusing rhymes I've come across in a while, unique beats, a vicious sense of humour, and an apparently solid live show (I haven't witnessed it, but apparently he's been stealing the show opening for The Islands and he was a standout at this year's Arts County Fair) the future looks bright for Mr. Pemberton. I bet his daddy's proud.



ca-dence n.
Balanced, rhythmic flow, as of poetry or oratory.
weap-on n.
An instrument of attack or defense in combat, as a gun, missile, or sword.

Have you seen the state of Canadian hip-hop lately? The Rascalz are basically defunct, Swollen Members blew their load early, K-Os is breaking promises and yammering about aliens, Tom Green is back in the game, and Kardinal is too busy hating on the Junos and dressing up like a croquet player to hit us with anything groundbreaking. Even with the few saving graces of Sweatshop Union, it's still a sorry state of affairs...

But look! Over there! It's a bird! No, a plane! No, it's Edmonton's Cadence Weapon, a.k.a. Rollie Pemberton, come to save the proverbial day with *Breaking Kayfabe*.

The term 'kayfabe' is thought to have originated as carnies (small hands...) slang for "protecting the secrets of the business," but it is mainly associated with the world of professional wrestling. A wrestler 'breaks kayfabe' when

Smith & Reeve at the Movies: The DaVinci Code

Iain W. Reeve and Stephanie Smith



Tom Hanks and Audrey Tautou star in the Ron Howard directed film adaptation of the best-selling, simply written, feverous page-turner. The plot follows Robert Langdon (Hanks), a religious symbolist who is drawn into a shadowy world of contrived intrigue and unrealistic conspiracy. He must team up with a sexy cryptologist (Tautou) in order to solve the mystery they have become entangled in, one that questions the very foundations of the Catholic Church.

Reeve:

Being a huge critic of the success of the book, I expected this to be a pretty horrible film. And, while the film did rise slightly above expectations, thanks to a couple memorable performances and some skilful imagery, it still remains a sub-par, transparent money grab, trying to cash in on the success of an overly popular book.

I have always been wary of films that try to compensate for a weak script with a star-studded cast of proven Hollywood regulars. Tom Hanks, who everyone likes in at least one or two films, is tapped as the overtly bland lead character. Consider that the best the film can find to do with its main character is engage him in faux academic sparring with Ian McKellen, and labour him with constant panic attacks attributed to a childhood accident. Audrey Tautou of *Amelie* fame is thrown an equally large lemon. There is only so much that even the best can do with such lame characters.

Solid turns are put in by Sir Ian, who is always entertaining, and Paul Bettany as the albino stalker of just about everyone in the film. These two, along with the brief appearances by Alfred Molina, manage to carry certain part of the film along. The most engaging scene is indeed the one where McKellen's character lays out for the confounded audience the nature of the conspiracy theory the film revolves around. Ridiculous as it all is—just ask any knowledgeable catholic—it could have made for engaging fiction. The problem is some people's inability to recall that it is indeed fiction.

The film carries a solid premise, based on an engaging conspiracy theory which,

admittedly, will send many history or mythology buffs running for the encyclopedia when they get home to check the film's claims. The problem is the solid concept is wasted in a film that has lame characters, lame drama, lame tension, and a super-lame ending.

The first hour of the film feels like a video game, where the characters proceed through contrived situations from one puzzling challenge to the next. If I wanted plot lines for simpletons, I'd rent *The Da Vinci Code* for PS2. A lack of realism and trying to push the stakes too high ruined the book for me, and the film was equally cursed before Ronnie even yelled action. Ultimately, they did the best with what they had, which wasn't much.

Smith:

I read the book. I worked in a bookstore when it was released, and I grew rather tired of people asking me if *The Da Vinci Code* was any good, or what it was about and then getting blank stares when I claimed to have not read it. So I did. Now, don't get me wrong here, it's not a bad book; it's just not that good either. And it certainly was not written in a way that translates to the big screen. The book is based largely on dialogue, and a movie like that does not fly with large audiences.

So I went in not expecting great things, and I was right to have no expectations. The movie was choppy at best. It skipped from tense scenes where the two main characters were involved in a crucial plot development, to random flashbacks that had very little relevance to the plot. It did not even pick up enough to hold my interest until an hour and a half in, and even that was short-lived. The dialogue that was so heavily relied upon in the book was poorly written and poorly delivered in the film.

What surprised me most was how poor the acting was. The cast reads like an Oscar nominee list, and one would expect that the acting would reflect that. This was not the case.

Tom Hanks was emotionless and delivered his lines as if he was perpetually bored, and Audrey Tautou—adorable as she is—seemed incredibly flat. She barely showed enough emotion to pass as human, and nowhere near enough to make her character believable. The only actor who caught my attention was Sir Ian McKellen.

Earlier, I mentioned that the film did not catch my attention until half way in and McKellen was the main reason for this. He was funny, knowledgeable, and captivating. Aside from McKellen, Paul Bettany did a fairly decent job with what little time he was given, but Sir Ian outshone them all.

One of the best-selling fiction books in recent history, *The Da Vinci Code* tells an intriguing tale of religious secrecy, conspiracy, and murder in the name of the church. But it does not transfer to the screen. Flat and choppy, *The Da Vinci Code* fails to hold your interest. Mediocre, at best. Save your money and go see the fabulous Ian McKellen in *X-Men III: The Final Stand*, which promises to be a much more engaging film.

****This review has been a paid product of McKellen Enterprises and is brought to you by the Sir Ian McKellen is Awesome Foundation****

I found it on
teh interweb!



Kevin Lalonde, Tronworld Deadly Disc Competitor

This Week's Website: Large Hearted Boy

December 31, 2004 was a sad, sad day for fans of Guided By Voices. After two decades of making lo-fi, brilliant indie rock music, frontman and leader Rob Pollard dismantled the band. But GBV lives on at largeheartedboy.com.

Largeheartedboy.com is "a music blog featuring daily free and legal music downloads as well as news from the worlds of music, literature, and pop culture." In addition, the site also hosts a completely unrelated blog about health, which we can only guess is the work of the administrator's health-crazed girlfriend. But that's not at all what makes largeheartedboy.com the coolest website of the fiscal quarter. The site hosts an Internet radio library composed of the entirety of Guided By Voices' discography. You see, much like other Internet radio feeds, this GBV radio is fast loading, but with a stream of only 24Kbps, it retains the lo-fi quality

that made the band so heartwarmingly wonderful in the first place.

The most impressive element of largeheartedboy's GBV radio is how exhaustive the library is. Rarities, demos, b-sides, some covers, and yes, even all of *Mag Earwig* is easily available...if you're willing to wait through the random playlist until it comes on. Oh well, we're geeky enough. We can wait.

TV on the Radio Cured My Hangover!

Live @ The Plaza, May 6

Luke Simcoe, OP Contributor



Due to the shooting that occurred at Richard's the night before, the concert was hastily moved to The Plaza and billed as an early show so that the club could still sling booze to the collar-popped masses later that evening.

Neither the venue change, nor the curfew could stop Celebration, the show's openers, from delivering a set of fractured but danceable art-rock. Hailing from Baltimore, the band is fronted by petite dynamo Katrina Ford, who shook her booty all over the stage while singing and panting in a wavering voice that channeled equal parts Karen O and Patti Smith. The band is friends with TVOTR (Ford did backing vocals for a few tracks on *Desperate Youth, Bloodthirsty Babes*) and throughout Celebration's set, members of the headlining band came and went, lending their respective talents to various songs (a favour which Celebration would later return). This created a friendly and

communal vibe that persisted throughout the night and had everyone in the audience smiling.

TVOTR took the stage right after and proceeded to blow the sold-out crowd's collective mind over the course of their set, which opened with a frenetic version of "The Wrong Way." It was the band's last show before the European leg of their tour, and they lived up to frontman Tunde Adebimpe's promise that we were "in for something special." Live, TVOTR is possessed of an energy that their studio albums only hint at.

Adebimpe threw his whole body into his songs, rolled his eyes back into his head and projected his voice with a fervor generally reserved for hyperbolic gospel choirs. Scarf-toting Guitarist/vocalist Kyp Malone harmonized perfectly with Adebimpe and multi-instrumentalist/producer David Andrew Sitek was a ball of energy onstage,

singing along to every song despite his lack of a microphone.

The band's forthcoming LP, *Return to Cookie Mountain*, leaked out onto the net over a month ago, and it was cool to hear some "new" material that everyone—not just that one crazy, Internet-savvy fan at the front—could sing along to. A rousing rendition of "Playhouses," *Cookie Mountain's* opener, featured an appearance from Celebration's Ford and set the crowd on fire with its chorus of "My heart's aflame/My body's strained/But God I like it!" The rest of the setlist was a great mix of old and new, with the band delivering both "Young Liars" and "Satellite" from their debut EP, the latter featured Adebimpe howling through a megaphone.

TVOTR is a band obsessed with creativity (both Adebimpe and Sitek are visual artists), and their refusal to simply replicate their songs in a live context really elevated the show. Songs like "Dreams" and "The Wrong Way" came to life when infused with Adebimpe's stage presence and the band's energetic dynamic. The two songs are arguably the strongest on *Desperate Youth, Bloodthirsty Babes*, and performed live they were even more evocative than their studio incarnations.

I arrived at the show with a severe hangover courtesy of The OP's annual general meeting, but my headache and nausea were gone by the time TVOTR had torn into their third number. It was as if Adebimpe and company took time off from leading their aforementioned choir and healed me with a smack to the head and a breath of fresh aural air. I'm not a religious man, but I'm happy to sing the praises of TV on the Radio. Can I get an Amen?

They Interview Horses Don't They?

A conversation with Nut Brown of They Shoot Horses Don't They

Chelsea Mushaluk, OP Contributor

Vancouver has a wicked music scene, we all know that. And the seemingly never-ending and always-growing list of bands from the area has been getting a lot of attention lately, in Canada and elsewhere. This is due to bands like indie-pop favourites The New Pornographers, psych-rockers and Coldplay tour mates, Black Mountain, and more recently, They Shoot Horses, Don't They?

They Shoot Horses are the latest purveyors of noisy, fun, and sometimes just plain weird pop music. And they're local, too! They recently signed with esteemed indie label Kill Rock Stars and their latest record, *Boo Hoo Hoo Boo*, is receiving all kinds of press. Fresh off of a tour through the West coast of the US, including the consistently awesome South By Southwest Festival in Austin Texas, the band is now back in Vancouver and I had the opportunity to speak with Nut Brown, a.k.a. Josh, about all things Horses.

As we sat during the tail end of what seemed to be a very exciting hockey game in a little cafe, Nut Brown outlined what exactly it is that he does. "I'm trying to be the singer of a band, and I play guitar. A lot of screaming, that kind of singing," he explained. "It takes somebody to sing in a band, and that's me."

For anyone who has seen the Horses live, it's definitely

an experience. There are horns, people yelling, things clanging, jumping...the whole shebang. And is it planned? Well, kind of. "We have plans, but they don't always work out. That's what interests us the most. What doesn't work is the most interesting part. If you say, 'We're not going to plan anything,' then that's kind of a plan."

Perhaps one of the neatest plans, from an audience standpoint, is South By Southwest. Over 1300 artists, Wayne Coyne in a plastic bubble walking down the street—I can only imagine the awesomeness. However, Brown showed me a slightly different side of the tour that culminated in their SxSW appearance. "It was, well, again we made lots of plans and some of them worked out and some of them didn't. It was good, the whole experience, it was lots of desperation and glory, you know? A little bit of the bottom and a little bit of the top."

Proverbs aside, there had to have been something awesome about Austin. Brown reassured me that there was: "Austin was really good. There's lots of music down there, lots of bands, they gave us wristbands to see any band." And with that, my admiration of SxSW was reaffirmed.

The tour was not without adversity, however, with Shane Krause leaving the band shortly after their return to Vancouver. "It's just one of those things where touring is a

tough thing to do. You're on the road, and driving a lot, and a band is kind of a special, magic thing that you want to be a good thing to be doing," Brown explained. "And there's going to be tensions, but when touring's hard enough, and then there's that extra little thing, it's just a personality thing. You know, we have to tour a lot, and we want to be as good as possible, and as an experience."

Though they have no immediate plans for another record, they do plan to tour again in the near future. Hopefully, this plan will work out. Despite the adversity and a little bit of being on the bottom, the Horses have managed to keep themselves out of the glue factory and come out on top.



5th Annual Sasquatch Music Festival @ The Gorge, WA

Luke Simcoe, OP Sasquatch Sighter

I awoke early on May 26 to the sounds of someone obnoxiously ringing my doorbell. Throwing on a housecoat, I arrived at the door to find the largest UPS man that I have ever seen waiting on the other side.

"Can I help you?" I rasped, my throat still raw from the previous night's festivities.

Curiously, his back was to me, but he quickly growled, "package for Mr. Luke Simcoe."

"That's me."

His right arm shot out—I noticed a large tuft of hair sticking out of the sleeve—and presented me with an envelope. Inside was a pair of tickets to the 5th annual Sasquatch! music festival. I was a bit taken aback, mumbled "Cool, thanks man," and turned around.

That's when something hit me on the back of the head, and I was out before I hit the floor.

I came to in total darkness, but was able to ascertain that I had been wrapped up in a carpet—it felt like I was moving. After what seemed like ages, I heard a trunk latch pop and was hoisted out of a black Escalade and shook out of the aforementioned rug. In front of me stood the morning's UPS man, devoid of his brown suit, but covered head to toe in brown fur: the mythical Sasquatch.

He reached his hand (paw?) out to me and quickly pulled me to my feet. He began to apologize for the abduction, stammering as he explained about the festival. This was the first year that he had really taken a hand in the concert that bears his namesake, and he had really wanted it to go well. To this end, he had gone about kidnapping three-days worth of A-list bands, as well as a capacity audience for The Gorge—about 20,000 people—and various members of the press from over 200 publications to cover the event. He began to explain the physics of how he was able to do all this in such a short time—it was somewhat akin to how Santa delivers all those presents—but me and my liberal arts background got confused.

Anyway, he had been nice enough to set up a tent for me, and when I went inside it contained a few changes of clothes, all my camera equipment, a sleeping bag, some granola bars, and a flat of Miller High Life ("The champagne of beers," I gasped), so I decided I'd go along with it for the weekend. It beats working.

May 26: The "Goth" Day

Sasquatch had been delayed at the border for a bit, something about not having the right ID, so I missed most of Saturday's acts, including ... And You Will Know Us By The Trail of Dead, TV on The Radio, and Wolfmother. I was a bit disappointed, but them's the breaks.

I arrived in time to catch that tail end of HIM's set. The Fins blasted through a cover of Chris Isaak's "Wicked Game" and led everyone in a chant of "Black Sabbath saved our lives!" The band was visually appealing, but sonically lackluster. Bam Margera loves them, though!

Bahaus was up next. I'm unfamiliar with the '80s goth pioneers, but the crowd was into it. It was a bit strange to see frontman Peter Murphy, a man who eerily resembles my father, leading a bunch of kids in a "Santorio Santo," lord-of-darkness-style sing along.

Chris Isaak covers and devil-worshipping aside, the night belonged to Nine Inch Nails. The band brought their current tour set-up along with them, including an articulated neon cage for the front of the stage, giant video screens, and a light show that would make Eddie Van Halen proud.

A newly sober Trent Reznor, sporting a shaved head and a few extra pounds, tore through his songs like a man

on a mission. The setlist was a great mix of old and new, and despite the frenzy of songs like "March of the Pigs," it didn't seem at all out of place when Trent slowed it down for a touching solo rendition of "Hurt."

There was no encore, but as the cage descended for the final time, ablaze in the giant "NIN" emblem, I was satisfied.

May 27: The "Indie" Day

I woke up to the sounds of "Let's Go Oilers!" as a young man in his underwear ran around the campsite screaming and carrying an oversized Oilers flag. The Sasquatch would later apologize for bringing so many Albertans. He told me that the journey across the Rockies was so arduous that he kidnapped a few extra so that he wouldn't have to make another trip if a few of them didn't make it. Anyway, this is about the music right?

The smaller "Wookie" stage was the place to be for much of the 27th. Ontario's Bedouin Soundclash opened the day's events with a predictably entertaining set of their take on "world" music (read: reggae). Aussie indie-poppers Architecture in Helsinki followed, and although their well-crafted songs never gelled with me on CD, their live show made me a fan. They were spunky and energetic, and their on-stage banter left me smiling. I only wish that they had included a cover of Men at Work's "I Come From the Land Down Under."

I moved over to the main stage for Sufjan Stevens who regaled us with songs about the 50 states from a stage full of people dressed in red, white, and blue. There was inflatable Santas and Supermen, a guy dressed as Uncle Sam, an electric guitar shaped like the United States, and audience members waving little flags. It was a solid festival appearance, even though Stevens' vocal delivery was a tad too timid. I guess that's his deal though.

Regrettably, Sufjan's set overlapped with Stephen Malkmus and I arrived back at the small stage just in time to see the former Pavement leader say thank you and goodbye. My self-pity at missing such an icon only lasted for a moment, as The Constantines took to the stage shortly after. Midway through their set, the sky opened up and began to hail violently. This set the crowd off, and although some ran to find shelter, most braved the elements to bear witness to The Cons.

I'm not prone to hyperbole, but mother nature's fury, combined with Bryan Webb's Springsteen-meets-Strummer vocals, and the Cons' ability to conjure such timeless rock n' roll made for one of the best concert moments that I've ever had. And unlike Neko Case, who fled the main stage when they weather went sour, the Cons rocked until the small stage had a power outage! The rumours about the strength of their live show are definitely true.

Much of The Tragically Hip and The Shins' sets were spent recovering from the hail. Many of the merch booths sold-out as people sought dry clothes. Nevertheless, The Hip were The Hip and The Shins were The Shins. Gord Downie flailed and ad-libbed, and James Mercer falsetto'd his way through catchy pop songs.

I had been meaning to bug The Sasquatch about his decision to have Ben Harper play *after* The Flaming Lips, but luckily mother's nature little intervention that afternoon, and Ben Harper's tight schedule resulted in The Lips regaining their rightful place as headliners. However, that did mean that we had to sit through Ben's set before getting the goods. Harper's show was long and arduous (two encores!! C'mon...) and full of hollow banter and masturbatory slide guitar/bongo jams. That's just my jaded

opinion though, much of the 20,000 people in felt otherwise as they raised their arms into the air for "Two Hands" and lit up joints during "Burn One Down."

The Lips' longer-than-usual sound check and stage set-up heightened the anticipation and I was elated by the time Wayne Coyne and co. took to the stage. I had never seen the band before and I don't think I can do the experience justice in such short space. The show had it all: Wayne walking on the crowd in his trademark inflated bubble, opposing groups of Santas and aliens crowding the sides of the stage, numerous gadgets (including a smoke machine, streamer guns, and a giant screen that showed us Wayne's face in front of the mic), life-affirming stage banter, and sing along covers of both Queen's "Bohemian Rhapsody," and Sabbath's "War Pigs."

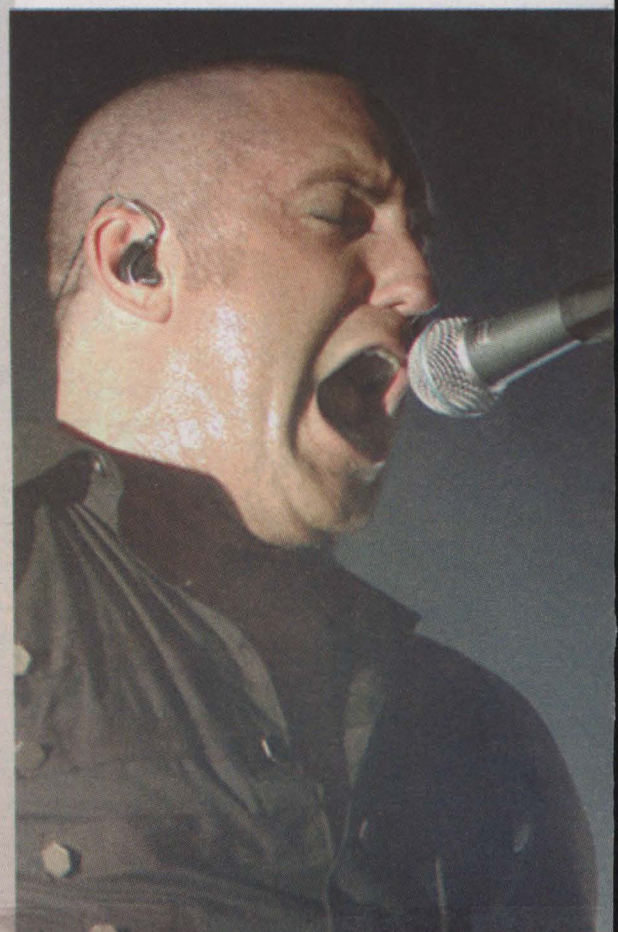
Mr. Coyne can sing about his girlfriend dying her hair with oranges and it's infinitely more moving than Ben Harper's "every second song is about changing the world" routine.

May 28: The "Mainstream" Day

"Let's Go Oilers!" It's 8 am. The guy was like clockwork. It gave me time to heat up some soup and have a shower in the sink, so it wasn't all bad.

Despite protests from other OP abductees including Trevor Hargreaves and Kevin Lalonde, I skipped out on Nada Surf's set to check out canuck singer/songwriter Chad Vangaalen. He's been opening for the Cons on their Canadian tour and he had recruited Bryan Webb as a bass player. Chad delivered his eclectic brand of pop-rock with charming awkwardness and I noticed at least a few girls in the audience swooning. Much of Chad's set was unfamiliar to me, and must have been culled from his archive of over 150 unreleased, home-recorded tunes. Nevertheless, rockers like "Clinically Dead" and "Echo Train" were instantly recognizable standouts.

It was back to the main stage for Arctic Monkeys and The Decemberists. The Monkeys' set was laced with too much of a "we know we're cool" vibe, but the boys are



good at what they do. Just beware Mr. Turner and friends: your 15 minutes is counting down.

Although their set lacked both "The Mariner's Revenge Song," and its accompanying toy whale head, The Decemberists put on a solid show. Colin Meloy's banter about the stories behind his songs was endearing and they even had Sean Nelson from Harvey Danger show up to lend his vocal assistance to "16 Military Wives." It was a good reminder that the festival is supposed to be about music from the northwest.

I ran around the Gorge, unsuccessfully trying to find decent vegetarian fare, and found myself at the Wookie stage in time for We Are Scientists. They've taken a lot of flack for their un inventive dance rock, but their live show kicked ass. It was nothing groundbreaking, but their songs were infused with new life in the absence of sterile studio production. I was solidly entertained from start to finish.

I caught only the last few songs from Matisyahu, as his "Hassidic reggae" has always come across as a bit of a schtick. His songs are catchy though, and when he sang about bringing Jerusalem to the Gorge, he had the American crowd dancing like they knew how much money their government gives Israel every year in foreign aid. I even saw a few people throw Yarmulkas (those little hats) on stage.

I joined the pit for Queens of the Stone Age, and although the crowd wasn't lacking for enthusiasm, I found the band somewhat uninspiring. Josh Homme's remarks about how health insurance is for pussies were amusingly alpha-male, but by the time "Little Sister" rolled around, I was ready to crowd surf my way out.

Because of their current status and obvious locality, Death Cab for Cutie was greeted to thunderous cheers from the sold-out crowd. Ben Gibbard politely thanked everyone, and remarked that "nothing makes you feel more like a sissy than coming on stage after Queens of the Stone Age." The band then opened with "New Year," and songs from *The Photo Album* and *Transatlanticism* dominated the rest of the evening. Gibbard balanced his oft-tender lyrics with a strong stage presence, and even stepped behind a second drum kit for an extended jam in the middle of "We Looked Like Giants."

Death Cab only touched on *Plans* material on a few occasions, with "I Will Follow You Into the Dark," the band's next single, being the most memorable. Their reliance on older material was a good thing, but in front of

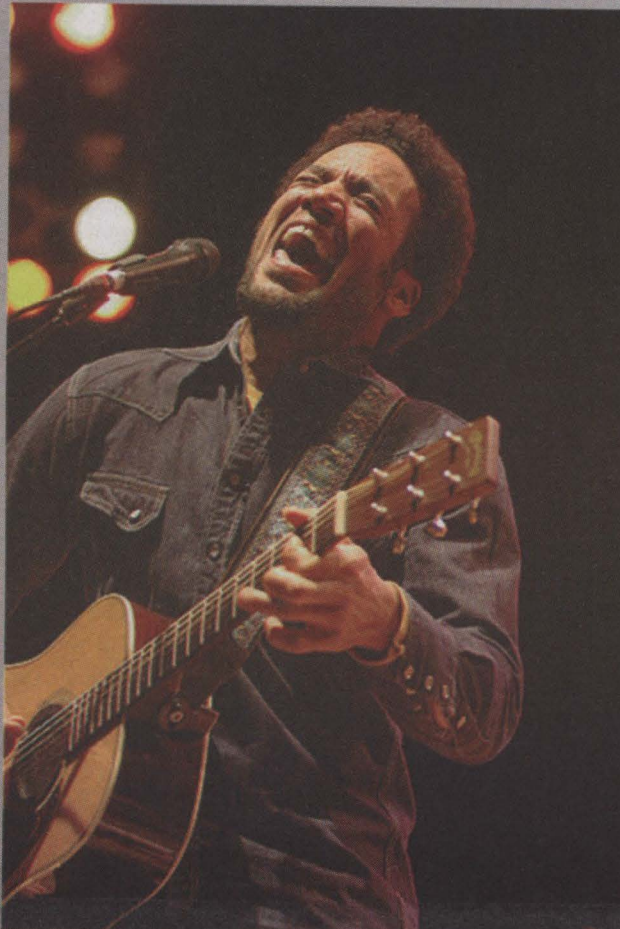
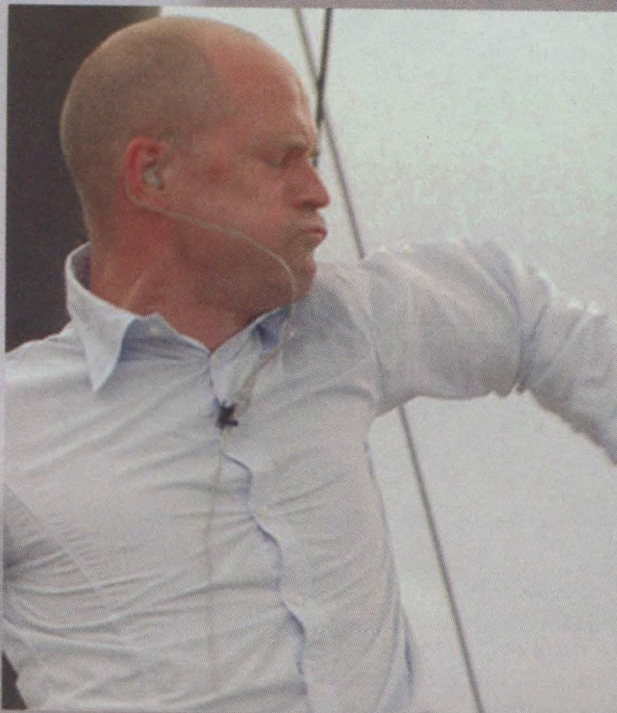
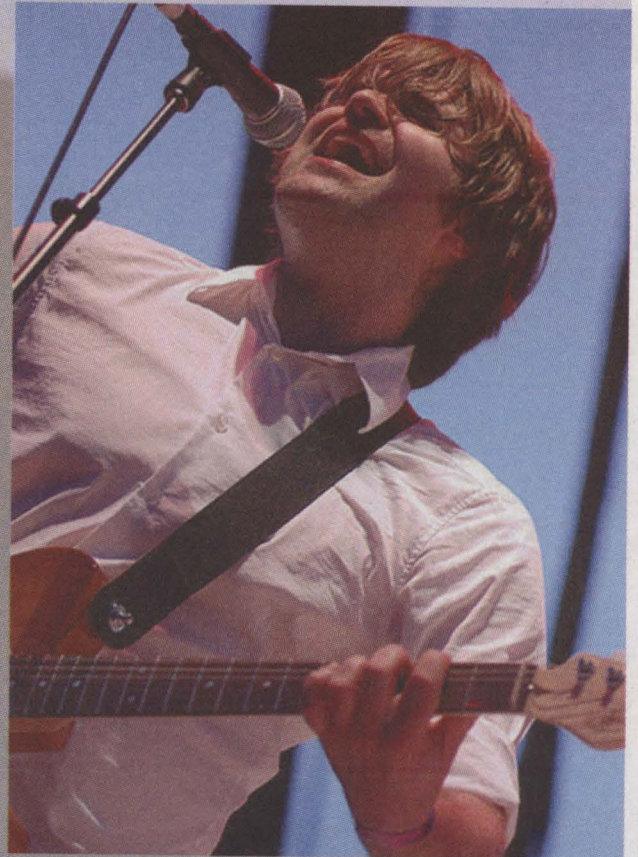
a hometown crowd, it seemed a bit apologetic. Still, I'll take "We Laugh Indoors" over "Soul Meets Body" any day. Good show boys!

Beck was the festival headliner, and he turned out an interesting show featuring a puppet mock-up of the whole band on the rear of the stage. Mr. Hansen himself was pretty chill, but his on-stage break-dance fighting dancer made up for it. The set started out strong, but Beck seemed to lose steam towards the end.

We were treated to a pre-recorded version of "Loser" in between the set and the encore, which seemed a bit lame. Just don't play it if you're sick of it. The band returned for "E-Pro," which featured the puppeteers and their progeny running around the stage, but had Beck practically yawning through the choruses. It's Beck, and it's impossible to say what to expect at a live show as he's such an iconoclast, but I just wanted a bit more getting crazy with cheese whiz.

And in the immortal words of Forrest Gump, "that's about all I have to say about that."

Squatch!



A Conversation with Local Poet Michael Aird

Jennifer Aird, OP Contributor



Michael Aird is 31 years old and currently lives in White Rock, where he works as a school teacher. He likes to walk down to the pier on sunny days, and eat good Italian ice cream with his good Italian wife. Back in the day, when Michael was a young man, he liked to smoke a pipe on the front driveway of our parents' house while translating Latin witticisms and *Beowulf*, or learning Italian; and he also greatly admired classical music (which was in turn forced upon me, but I don't complain so much nowadays). Although, he was a perhaps a bit unusual in his habits, he liked poetry just like all the rest of the kids, and this is what I recently sat down to talk with him about. It was, as they say, poetry, pure poetry...

Other Press (OP): When did you start writing poems?

Michael Aird (MA): Let's see, I started writing poems when I was sixteen. Sexual misadventure, power over women...

OP: That's what they were called?

MA: No, those were my motives, that was my motivation.

OP: So, who are some of your favourites? Both old and new.

MA: I think I would start out with Yeats. I mean, I obsessively read Yeats for many years, but I soon came to realize he's pretty limited. And, I don't know, I think it's pretty random. I wouldn't say that there's any one author that I would take whole-heartedly as being...worthwhile, with the exception of maybe Paul Celan; Paul Celan is pretty good. I don't know; it's hard to say. Like if you say, "Who are your influences?" it's sort of what you're working on, or

what randomly comes to mind. I mean you don't like every [piece of] music that every musician does. [But] there are certain artists, they're phenomenons, right, and so it becomes more than just the work, it's them. They're institutions really.

OP: Do you think that these kinds of artists are aware of this at the time?

MA: I don't think so. I think you're conscious of your audience and the impact that you have. But I can't say Shakespeare, when he was sort of toiling away, putting on plays and stuff, was thinking that he was going to be coining phrases that people were going to be saying 500 hundred years later.

OP: Have you noticed since you began writing that there has been a change in people's attitudes towards reading poetry?

MA: No, I don't think so. Well, there was the exception of Harold Bloom. He sort of helped to bring poetry to the forefront for a while, and that was in the late 90s. He did a lot, [and] he was pretty widely publicized for a while. So maybe there was a bit of a peak, a bit of a spike in poetry, but it's pretty much the same. Generally, there's a lot of misconceptions around poems; people have some very strange notions about [poetry]. They have an image of some sort of weirdo, you know, sitting in a forest meditating on the bee going by, or, I don't know, flowers. So there's that, and once that gets discarded, then people realize that it's a pretty serious intellectual undertaking and it requires a lot of effort.

OP: Within your poems there are several recurring themes. Is that intentional?

MA: I think there's a bit of control, and, you know, you write about what's sort of sitting in front of you, but there's a bit of loss of control too. What you're trying to achieve, what you're trying to do with a poem, it seems to me, [are two] things. You know there's sort of something dark and mysterious about writing a poem, it's something like with any art. It seems to be something like a religious type of experience you try and achieve. That seems to be primarily where the power of the work comes from and that's sort of number one priority.

The nice thing about words is that there is meaning there and so you can try and surprise by juxtaposition and that's where you do control the themes. Although what you set out to do always takes its own path because as you try and juxtapose ideas in a surprising way you take different paths as you go through things. So, there's those two things going on; one is like you control the idea and it's an intellectual process, and the other is like a loss of self.

OP: I already asked you about your favourite poets, but do you think you could list off your top five favourite poems?

MA: It changes from time to time to time to time, but...

- 1) Paul Celan: everything, or the one that begins with the line "Coagula: Salvaging of all..."
- 2) Charles Olsen: Variations for Gerald Van de Wiele
- 3) Ted Berrigan: Sonnet LI and Sonnet XXXVI
- 4) Larry Eigner: Letter for Duncan
- 5) AR Ammons: Peak
- 6) Rae Armantrout: Up to Speed

OP: That makes more than five, but thank you Michael, you are a gentleman and a scholar.

Alpha Effect By Michael Aird

after 3 numbers itself nothing magnetic
the anvil chatter also filled
your lungs apart
iced in you
for bending its halo flaw

the grey between cost them
shavings of warmth

in the room when you have one
I'm to transmit
no jaded stairwell
split eye, the biotic here

levers our push thoughts
suffered ahead
with the vaulted over
out of this screen-field and pivot

at last
you are one of us
are not one of us

Art's Next Big Medium

Pablo Aravena's new film is an in-depth look at graffiti's global community

Mike Ichioka, The McGill Daily (McGill University)

MONTREAL (CUP)—Graffiti is everywhere in Montreal. Tags scrawled on walls up and down Milton, commercial murals around the Plateau, paint-covered freeway underpasses on the South Shore—most of us don't go a day without seeing some form of street art. Yet how many of us stop to give it any consideration beyond a passing glance? Montreal director Pablo Aravena aims to address this ignorance with *Next: A Primer on Urban Painting*, his first feature-length film.

Following a brief recap of graffiti's origins in New York, complete with excerpts from the classic graf movie *Style Wars*, Aravena proceeds geographically, showcasing artists from locations around the world, including Brazil, Germany, and Japan. In both style and substance, *Next* bears a strong resemblance to Doug Pray's *Scratch* (2001). Both graffiti and DJing—the topic of Pray's film—are frequently encountered but little-understood cultural practices, largely (though not exclusively) associated with hip hop.

Formally, both films explore their subjects through a combination of interviews with artists and footage of these artists in action. But whereas *Scratch* was able to successfully weave a narrative from its raw material, drawing comparisons between sub-groups as well as tracing an overall historical development, *Next* seems to lack any unifying thesis. The film just jumps from place to place, providing a visual postcard of a city or country before moving on to the next section.

Between the regional segments, as a sort of visual punctuation, Aravena inserts footage of paint being manufactured in a Montana Gold factory. Montana Gold is to spraypaint what Nike is to sneakers: high-priced, highly sought-after, and available in a wide variety of colours. While the repeated image of the factory hints at the appropriation and commodification of graffiti, this potentially interesting topic is never explicitly broached in the film.

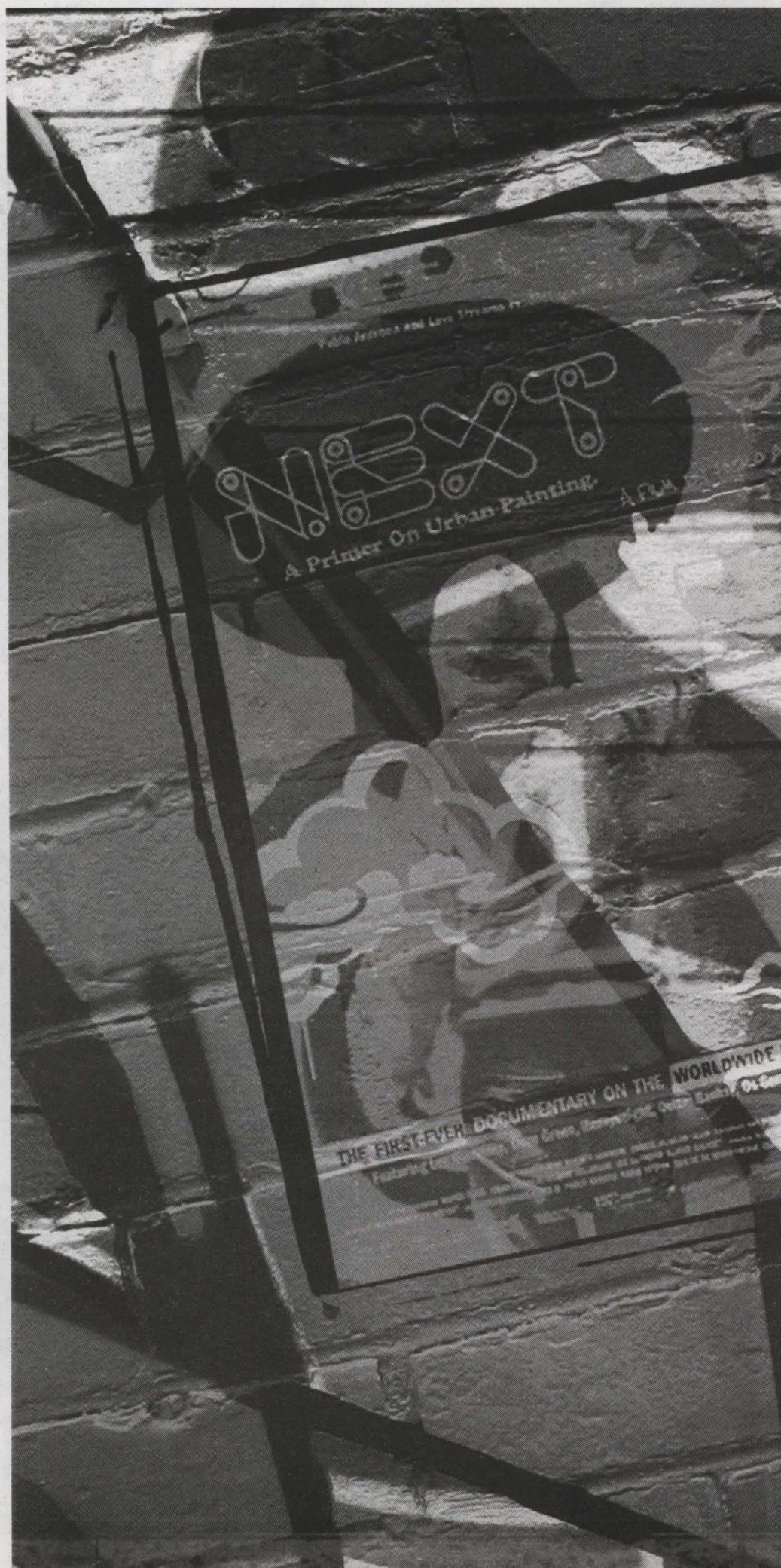
At other times, though, Aravena's lack of commentary works in his favor. When he showcases graffiti artists at work, or a city space completely covered in paint, he wisely lets the images speak for themselves. Instead of using voiceovers, Aravena

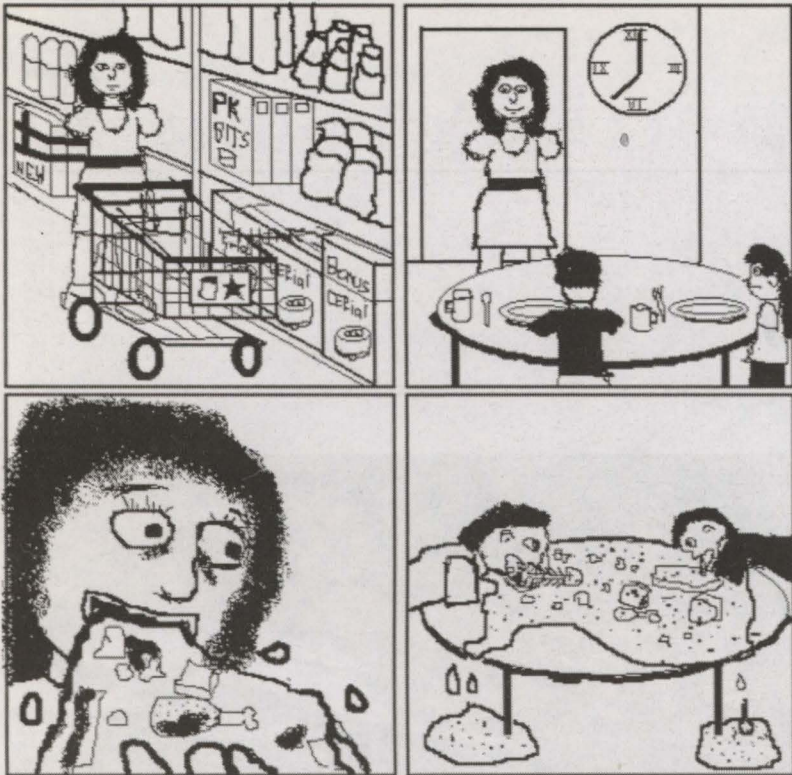
compliments these sequences with gritty beats, courtesy of DJs like Diplo, Sixtoo, and others, and artful image layout, often presenting multiple frames and angles at the same time. During a sequence in São Paulo, Brazil for example, he juxtaposes a walking shot of a graffiti-filled alley with close shots of each individual piece, conveying a sense of the entire space while simultaneously allowing the viewer to linger on certain details.

In addition to its international focus, *Next* should be commended for showing how graffiti's history extends far beyond the boundaries of hip hop culture. While the two have become inextricably intertwined in contemporary pop culture—to the point where a hat or hoodie with a graf style on it serves to signify how “down” somebody is—the film presents several alternative influences and sources. French artist Psykoze points out 19th-century tags in the catacombs of Paris, while Montreal's own Other talks about Jack London carving his name on freight trains. Aravena himself, via a Timothy Leary epigraph, suggests an even earlier precursor: cave painting.

Whatever its flaws, *Next* contains plenty of flat-out amazing scenes that almost justify the price of admission on their own. Watching an Amsterdam artist unroll a canvas tagged by NYC legends Dondi and Zephyr, handling it as reverently as an archeologist would Egyptian papyrus, or seeing Japanese writer Zys execute his whirlwind throw-ups, splattering centrifugal circles of paint around his tag, perfectly transmits the film's sense of wide-eyed wonder.

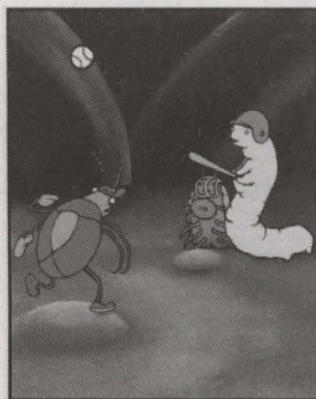
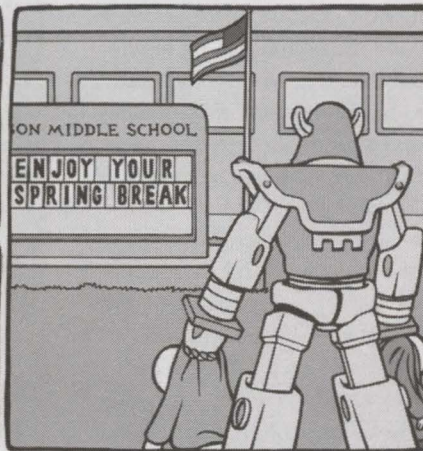
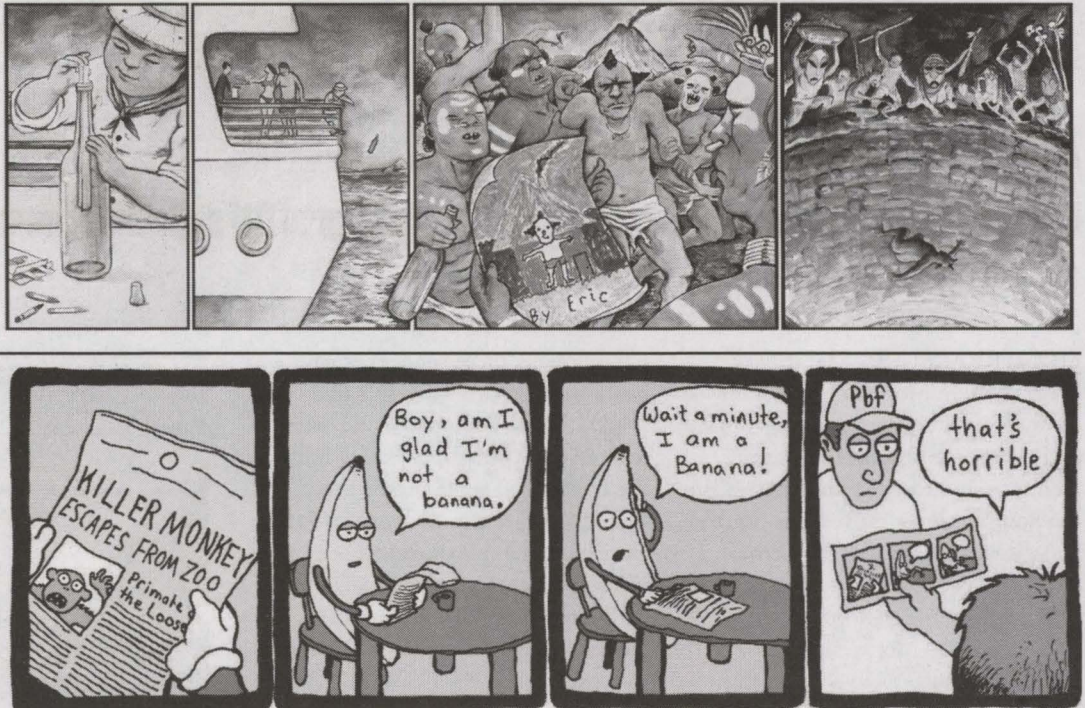
Ultimately, both the strengths and weaknesses of *Next* are encapsulated in its subtitle: *A Primer on Urban Painting*. “Primer” can mean either “that which serves as a first means of instruction” or “the substance or mixture used by painters for the preparatory coat.” The film fully embodies both senses of the word: While it serves as a good introduction to the world of street art, it's hard not to feel as though Aravena is only laying a foundation, leaving it up to someone else to build on his work and make a truly inspired film about graffiti. Check out www.nextthemovie.com for more info.



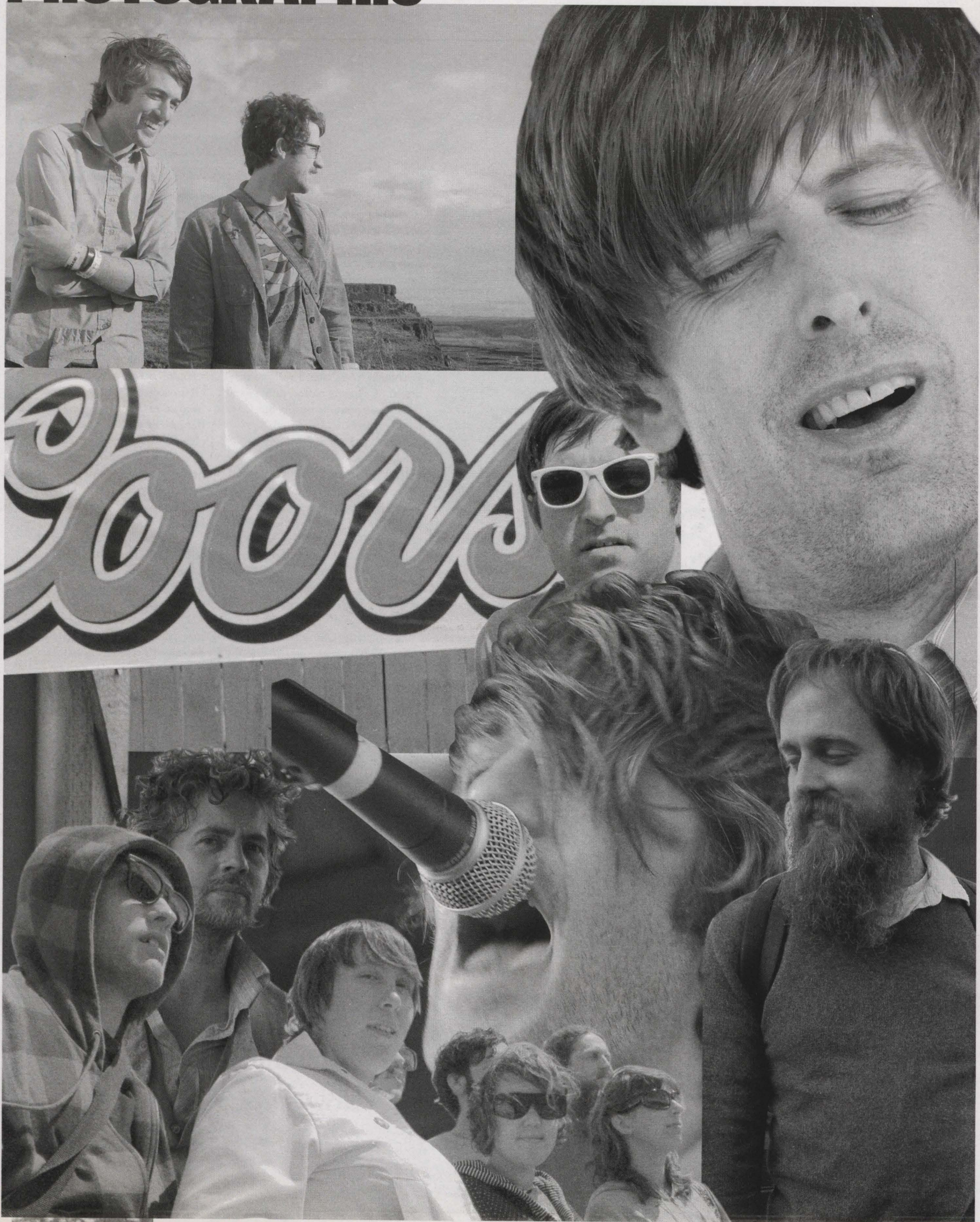


<http://majorstudioproduction.blogspot.com>

Perry Bible Fellowship By Nicolas Gurewitch



FUNNY PEOPLE APPLY WITHIN



Coquitlam This Week

My Crappy-ass Suburban Jobs

Brady Ehler, Coquitlam Correspondent



When I first moved down to the coast, I was set on finding a cool job. I didn't care if it was a low-paying cool job, just as long as it bestowed some small amount of sheik—and didn't involve much heavy lifting.

In retrospect, my idea of a cool job at the time was a little skewed. My short list included: Video Store Clerk, and Coffee Shop worker. Eventually, years later, I realized my dream of slinging coffee, only to realize it was a pretty lame job, but I never made video store clerk.

The other job that I thought would be really cool was working at a music store. I still think that would be a pretty sweet gig. Unfortunately, as I learned in my early job-hunting days in the Tri-Cities, all the cool jobs are taken. Between coffee shops, video stores, and music stores, I must have handed out over one hundred fifty resumes in five months. What's worse is I didn't even get an interview.

It's fucking hard to score a cool job in the Tri-Cities; the HMV in the mall gets twenty resumés a day. The Starbucks will periodically hold hiring fairs, at high schools, and half of the student population will show up. Long story short—if you don't have an in, forget about it.

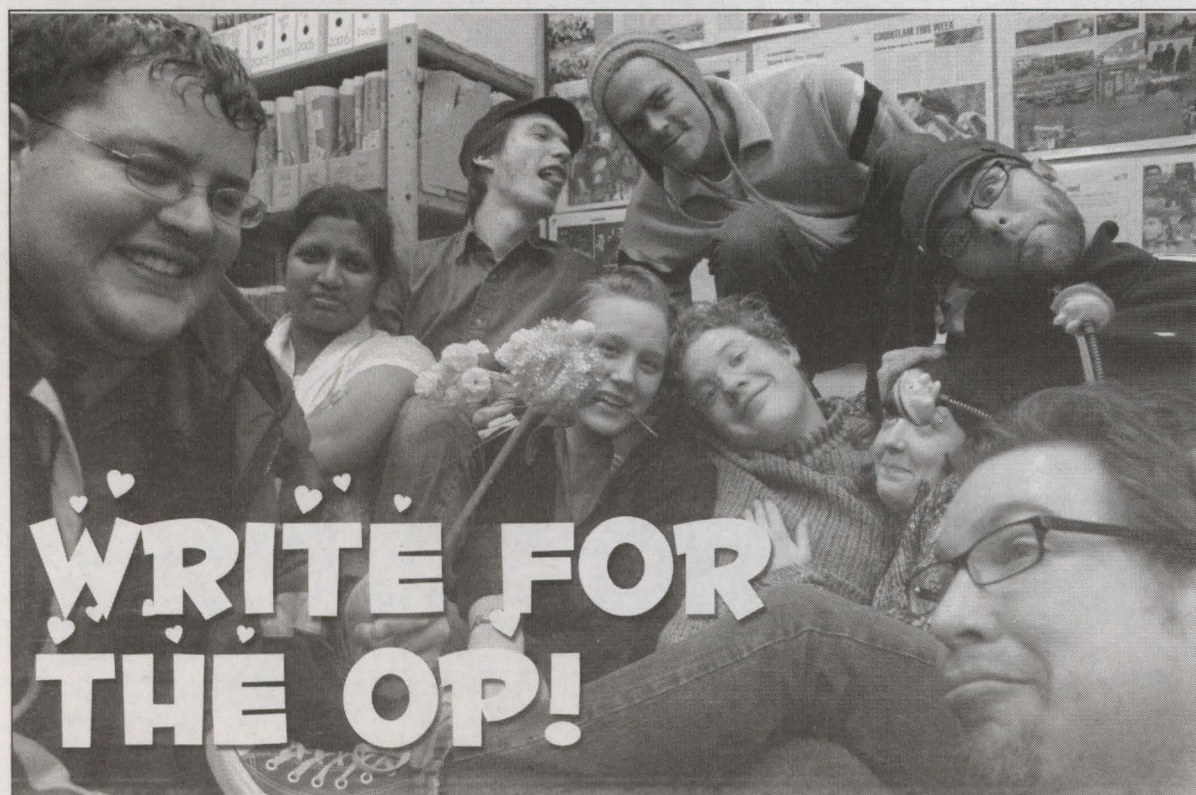
So, for nearly three-and-a-half years, I had to content myself chop-

ping vegetables and peeling potatoes. I have had to clean fryers and stock cereal at night. I've sorted dirty old auto parts and arranged them on pallets. I've cleaned soot off ceilings with sponges and cleaned floors with mops (sometimes with no soap). I've cleaned up dog shit and piss, usually with little thanks.

Throughout my endless string of terrible Tri-City jobs, I have, save ONE occasion, had to take orders from at least one complete dipstick. Because of asshole bosses, or my displeasure with boring or tedious work, I have (except for that one job) not held on to a single job for more than three months since I've moved here.

Fortunately, I've finally acquired a cool job, working at pub. It's great, I get to listen to live music, screw around, and be social. But guess what? It's downtown. What a shocker, huh?

I should also mention I've been writing for your friendly campus newspaper for three semesters now, for which I receive a small amount of money. It's been a lot of fun, but it's time for me to move on. So, if you're a writer, and enjoy artistic freedom, apply for the Coquitlam position, you might even get to meet yours truly. If you're cute, I'll even give you an autograph.



Have an opinion?

Listen to a new CD you Hate?

Know about something?

Now's your chance!

email:
othereditor@yahoo.ca
for more information.

Out With A Whimper

Procrastination is tough, exhausting work

Kevin Welsh, OP Features Editor

Well, people, this is it. This issue is my swan song—the last time I shall grace the pages of The Other Press in the capacity of Features Editor, a position I have held for just over one calendar year.

I pause to let the gravity of the situation sink in. I know... I'm sad too.

The original plan was to do my best to go out with a bang. One last thoughtfully conceived, thoroughly researched, and painstakingly written literary delight; a gourmet roasting, simmering, and basting of delicious wit, delectable insights, and sweet wordiness to say goodbye with. The idea was to cement my name in the annals of Other Press history; to ensure that "Kevin Welsh" went hand in hand with whomever else is considered a great Other Press alumni. I don't really know of any, but then again I rarely go to editorial meetings and almost never participate in fundraising, professional development, or teambuilding events—I barely know who writes for the paper now.

Ahem... whatever, that's not the point.

The point is that instead of ascending Mount Great Literature, caressing greatness, and sharing it with my readers and co-workers I have once again stumbled and fallen face first into a soppy wet, muddy puddle of mediocrity—splattering muck all over this publication in the process. I have writer's block; and it sucks. I pray my former Print Futures instructors aren't reading this.

So instead of going out with a bang I go out with a whimper. For this, I feel shame. I have let down my editor, my fellow contributors, and all my fans (all both of them: Lisa, Catherine, I'm sorry).

When faced with writer's block people try and help me out with advice, telling me to write about what I know. To this, I say two things. First: Duh! I write and edit for a living; I already *know* that. Second: I've already written about what I know more than a few times over the past year. There's only so many features a guy can write about cult movies or the social, political, and cultural significance of minor professional sports team names. Finally, having discovered the only things I know anything about are cult films and sports branding, I become depressed—which doesn't help writer's block at all.

Thanks for the advice, people, but no thanks. Besides, I'm a professional—when it comes to writer's block I think I know what I'm doing.

Here's what I do. First, I realize I have nothing to write about for the upcoming issue. No problem, I tell myself, I am a professional—I'm sharp and motivated. Sometime between now and my deadline, inspiration shall surely descend from the heavens and club me over the head giving me a brain swell of...stuff...interesting, timely stuff with which I shall use to write, inform, and entertain—ha! So just relax and let it happen.

Second, my deadline comes and I realize I still have nothing to write about. I rationalize this—surely, this isn't my fault. After all, I am the Features Editor, and, as such, have complete carte blanche when it comes to writing. No guidelines, no topics that need to be addressed. I can write about whatever I want. That's too open ended; there are too many possibilities. How is one man expected to look at everything and choose only one thing? I can't—there's simply too much everything to consider. I need more time. I call my editor and arrange an extension. Then I go out

with my friends and drink beer, secure in the knowledge that alcohol will show me the way. Pass the chicken wings.

Third, I wake up with a burbly stomach, slight headache, a mouth that tastes like a small, furry rodent crawled in and died, and no idea for my article. No problem, I tell myself, Supreme-Exalted-Managing-Editor-In-Chief-Guy Miley didn't say *when* today the article is due. Therefore, I have all day. In an hour or so I'll read the paper, go to wikipedia.org, do some research, bang that mofo off, and have the whole afternoon to do whatever the hell I want to do. So just relax.

Fourth, I procrastinate—or so it would seem. What I'm actually doing is *thinking*. That's right, I'm using my *thinking* to *think* about my article. I know I lost most of you, it's complicated stuff, and so I'll spell it out for you. It may look like I'm going for coffee, reading the newspaper, playing *Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas* (where are those last two horseshoes?), or downloading Internet porn—but I'm not. Well, actually, I am, but I'm not really paying attention. It's not about the coffee, horseshoes, or porn—those are just things I do so I have something to do when I *think*. Do you get it? It's what my professional readiness instructor called *incubation time*—time spent contemplating the project at hand (he told us to charge for *incubation time*, so it must be a vital step to the writing process). So, you see, I'm not *procrastinating*. I'm simply employing a vehicle of doing

something so that my *thinking* can be *incubated* in my brain so that I can write my article so that all of you can read it and rejoice. Simple, airtight logic.

Fifth, I realize I haven't been *thinking* at all, and whatever *thinking* I had been *thinking* has now *incubated* its way into the "That's Too Stupid To Write About Bin." So, in a way, my *thinking* has *incubated* itself into *procrastination*. It's still not my fault, though—I can never remember that I'm bad at *thinking*.

Sixth, I panic. This is the really productive stage. There's nothing like panic, coupled with the impending doom of missing an extended deadline, to wonderfully focus a writer on the task at hand: writing. So, I panic, ask my mom, girlfriend, or whoever else is around what I should write about, scoff at their suggestion, then adopt their suggestion as my own and run with it. Sometimes I run straight into the painfully hard brick wall of "That Sucks," but sometimes I run into the giving pillow softness of "That's rad," which is what I've done here. Another masterpiece, I decree.

Whatever, I've gone over my word count. There are simply too many people to thank for making my time at The Other Press so enjoyable, and I don't want to leave anybody out, so I'm not going to thank anybody because it simply wouldn't be fair. I'm out of here.



After the Grad Rush

A student's thoughts and ramblings on her last week as an undergrad

By Frieda Luk, The Ubysey (University of British Columbia)

VANCOUVER (CUP)—The final weeks of school have always been unforgivingly torturous. The defining moments of academia lie within these few weeks when lethargy wages an all out war with motivation. Yes, it is incredibly unfair to be saddled with existential conflict at a time when the work actually matters and when the caffeine-propelled cramming sessions might not pass muster. Punctuated by fits of mental paralysis, the last semester before graduation is probably the best test of academic mettle—do you have what it takes to care?

Graduation angst

This time of year is generally a period of transition that opens a wellspring of pent-up concerns about career options, family, and identity—and here I'd thought I'd already dealt with them as an angsty teenager. Remember days of mooning over how you were going to pay for post-secondary education, what you were going to do with the degree, and how to define yourself once you were no longer a Greek life die-hard or the vice-president of the Mongolian tango club? Well, when it comes time to graduate those issues are going to come back and bite you in the arse.

Being a soon-to-be graduate feverishly trying to get it together for the last two weeks of school, I am not sure if I'm making headway or just floundering uselessly in frustration.

Apparently I am not so alone. According to Whitney Sedgewick, a counsellor at UBC, this crucial period in the final days of undergrad is merely a the process of a giant "life shift" from being a coddled undergrad to a self-sufficient, functioning member of society.

Sedgewick notes the problem is simply not knowing; the great wide world out there is generally an "unknown" which I envision to be a gaping black hole. She suggests that a little bit of planning can diminish the stress to some extent. She also suggests that talking about the problems might alleviate them. I have certainly done my share of emoting and shamelessly courting sympathy.

The future is certainly an unavoidable topic. However much I want to stop thinking about it, there is someone who will ask the dreaded what are you going to do with your life question. In short, I don't know. I don't really want to think about it either.

I appreciate people taking an interest in my life, but I urge them to frame the question in a way that does not sound like some unalterable defining life choice that will be chained to me for the next 20 years. I am excited about graduation and the challenges ahead, but my biggest fear comes from not having a concrete plan.

We're all in this together

Ken Little, a microbiology student, is also feeling the heat. It's the story of "I'm so stressed", "I don't know where I am going", and "I need to at least get decent marks" that we all know so well. For those fortunate enough not to be familiar with this trifecta of emotional responses, it is an unrelenting and motivation-crippling psychological taunt.

The other end of the spectrum is represented by the calm, collected, strangely zen-like detachment of Persia

Sayyari, a political science student and volunteer at the UBC Wellness Centre. She's enjoyed her stint at UBC, learned valuable moral truths, and feels she has gotten a lot out of her BA. Good for her. Perhaps due to her work at the Wellness Centre or some rare genetic gift, she seems to have a rather practical way of dealing with the stress.

She tells me that it's all about time management, more precisely a "new" way of conceptualizing time management. Sayyari explains that it is necessary to slot things into four categories: not important/not urgent; not impor-



tant/urgent; important/not urgent, and important/urgent.

"The new mentality," she points out, "emphasises prioritising and not completing a to-do list".

On a similar note, Sedgewick recommends teasing out the problem, distilling them to their constituent elements and then clarifying and prioritising those elements in your life.

For me, the problem is not so much about time management, but finding the resolve to work my way through a schedule. I recently had a talk with a friend of mine who seemed to be all set for graduation: grad school acceptance and a summer job lined up. He seemed pretty laid back about the whole deal, which I took to be due to having a plan. He feels he has gotten pretty much all that he can from UBC, and is "itching to get out."

Although the future doesn't seem so foreign, he says dealing with finishing two 20-page papers is still frustrating. It's the onset of lethargy—staring at the computer screen, unable to concentrate save for downloading music and generally wasting time. Been there, done that.

Help, on the dole

The Arts faculty seems to be taking notice of the tremendous pressures facing fourth-year students. They recently instituted the Arts Peak program that aims to provide a happy and encouraging send-off to graduating students in the faculty. According to Susan Dunnet of Student Development Services, the Arts Peak program is supposed to mirror the kind of community-building and guidance activities provided for first-year students. With memories of T-shirts, team chants, and icebreaker activities of

Imagine UBC still fresh in my mind, I wasn't sure if I was ready for that level of perkiness. Fortunately, the events that the Arts Peak instituted turned out to be fairly sedate but no less thought provoking.

I attended a session called the Next Big Year that focused on working internationally. The talk provided solid career options that fuelled the inner wanderlust. But probably the most impressive portion of the program was the Last Lecture, in which Peter Mansbridge of CBC National fame gave a speech about Canada's role in the world and how us graduating students fit in to the grand scheme of things. After listening to the questions from students that centred on career advice, I realised that not that many people had a plan.

So in the course of this mini-journey of self-discovery, my biggest worry is career-related. What am I going to do with my life? I obviously can't avoid it forever, and perhaps checking out career services is the right way to go. I am still feeling mildly psychotic, but able to cope. I have pinpointed my problem and I am taking prioritising measures to ease the stress because, as Dunnet remarks, "You can never quell the nervousness; it's something students always go through."

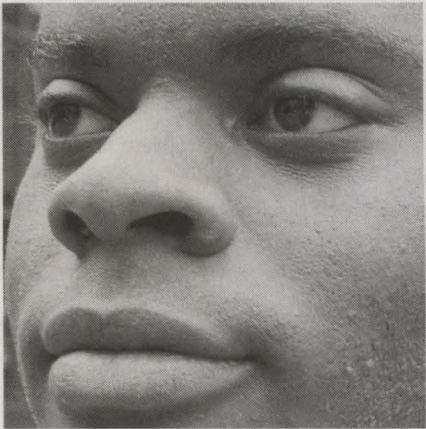
But most importantly, not all hope is lost because UBC provides a sense of support behind you. Sedgewick thinks that UBC does a pretty good job with providing students with resources to deal with this tumultuous period. She likes that fact that the University does not embody a paternalistic approach in doling out help. Sedgewick maintains that there is no blanket approach and specific

resources in counselling, career services, financial services, and graduate studies "can be found with a little bit of sleuthing."

Although graduating is still unsettling, I am thrilled at the prospect of freedom. Hopefully that freedom doesn't equate to minimum wage at McDonald's. Regardless, I have leached what I needed from UBC: attended interesting classes, conversed with interesting professors, critically analysed all sorts of things, and appropriated massive amounts of knowledge. No one can take that away from me. With a degree to back me up, I feel naively invincible and able to take any kind of shit the world throws my way. I hope that feeling lasts. I am reminded by a friend that the world is indeed my oyster and graduation proffers us the opportunity to ponder the following question, sagely posed by Sayyari: "At the end of the day, this is my life, so how do I want to spend it?"

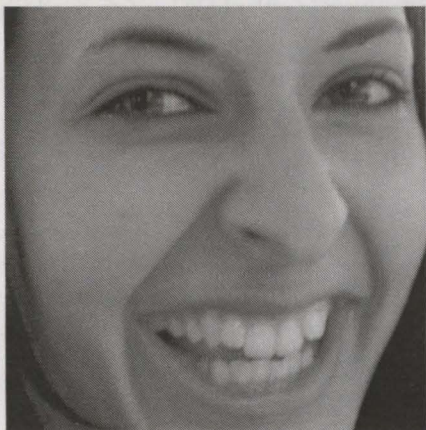
Word On The Street

Question: "What are you going to do after graduation once you've entered the "real world"?"



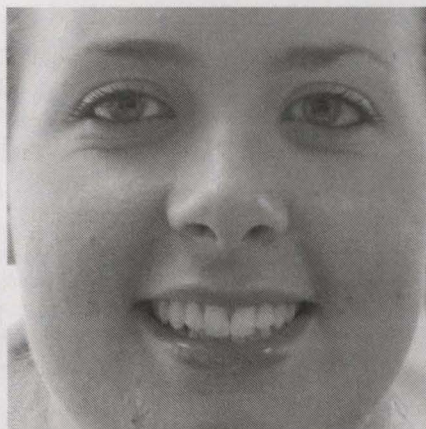
I'm not sure yet. I want to get a job... pretty much that. Support the world, do humanitarian things, and stuff like that.

— Shaun Garraway



I plan to be a dental hygienist, basically.

— Jessica Tamrat



I want to be a hygienist too.

— Kelsey Peloso



After Douglas maybe i'm going to transfer to SFU. I'm planning to get a degree in psychology, and maybe I'm going to be a counsellor or a psychiatrist. I'm not nervous [about graduation], I just want to finish my school.

— Hirofumi Konno

SPORTS

mclennonb@douglas.bc.ca

22

Sports Smorgasborg

Brian McLennon, OP Sports Editor and Spring-time Enthusiast

For the true enthusiasts, there is no better time than now to be a sport fan. With a steadier dose than a hospital I.V., the months of May and June are jammed packed with post-season action that provide us the adrenaline rush that we need. Like John Holmes, the NBA, and the NHL are in deep...into playoffs, and—on the cusp changing history—Major League Baseball is in full swing.

National Sports—Silver Lining for BC teams

The Canadian Wheelchair Basketball Association recently held its National Championships in Kitchener/Waterloo, Ontario. With a plethora of players on the men's and women's BC provincial teams representing Canada's National program, BC felt confident in their chances at a National title, especially after tripping at the finish line of last year's competition.

Team BC men had waited an entire year to avenge the collapse that occurred in the 2005 gold medal game in Edmonton, AB. Supporters watched in dismay as Team BC's late double-digit lead dissipated and ultimately resulted in an overtime loss to rivals Ontario. The win for Ontario resulted in their sixth consecutive National Championship title...but that was last year.

With the possibility of establishing the longest consecutive championship title run (seven), Ontario came out firing on all cylinders behind their top gun Pat Anderson. Finishing with 44 points and probably a dozen assist, Anderson dictated the game in every facet and lead Ontario to their record setting seventh consecutive national championship title as they defeated Team BC 78-62. Team BC was lead by tournament all-stars Richard Peters and Jaimie Borisoff.

On the women's side, Team BC look poised to take a run a National Champion title as they cruised through the preliminary rounds and easily bounced their semifinal opponent to advance to the National Championship game against the defending champions, the Edmonton Inferno.

The two teams had met several times throughout the year, with the Inferno winning three out of four games. However, in each of losses, the games were decided by a slim margin of two or three points, which boosted Team BC's outlook going into the championship game.

Unfortunately, it was the Inferno that blazed the game, defeating Team BC by a score of 62-36. BC's Carrie Linegar was named a tournament all-star.

Pro Sports

Baseball—Bonds...Barry Bonds.

Surrounded by a shroud of controversy, Major League Baseball player Barry Bonds tied the legendary Babe Ruth's all-time home run record by hitting his 714th career dinger during 4-2 victory over the Oakland A's.

Bonds, who has had his name swirled more times than an Oreo in a DQ Blizzard amidst the baseball doping scandal achieved the milestone on Monday, May 20, and attributed his accomplishment to the American baseball icon.

"This is a great accomplishment because of Babe Ruth and what he brought to the game of baseball and his legacy in the game of baseball," Bonds said.

Another home run would place Bonds second on the all-time career home runs list behind Hank Aaron who hit 755 home runs during his career.

Basketball—Rash, Flash with a Hint of Nash.

The NBA has enjoyed its most exciting playoffs in years and the fans are tuning in. With three out of four conference semi-finals going to a final 'do-or-die' elimination game 7 and a one man show put on by Cleveland Cavaliers' LeBron James, NBA Commissioner David Stern couldn't be happier with the increased TV ratings.

In the Eastern Conference semis, the Miami Heat's Shaquille O'Neal and Dwayne "Flash" Wade advanced to the conference finals after suffering a little indigestion from their first round match up against the Chicago Bulls. In a series that many critics felt it could have gone either way, the Heat managed to pull out 4-2 series victory.

Against the Vince Carter and the New Jersey Nets, the Heat cruised to victory in five games.

In the other semifinal match up, LeBron James and the Cleveland Cavaliers had the defending Eastern Conference champions, Detroit Pistons performing "rope-a-dope," as they narrowly escaped an early exit from the 2006 playoffs. After guaranteeing a win in game four, Rasheed Wallace fell short on his promise and his big mouth as the Detroit Pistons loss not only game four, but also game five, resulting in the Pistons first three-game losing streak this season.

In his first playoff appearance, LeBron was nothing short of sensational. Leading the Cavaliers in points (26.5 ppg), rebounds (8.5 rpg), and assists (6.0 apg), LeBron solidified his position as one of the best players in the game and as a legitimate MVP runner up.

In the western conference semis, the playoffs were a blaze with excitement. In the battle for Texas series, the Dallas Mavericks faced their nemesis, the San Antonio Spurs. Determined to get the monkey off their back, the Mavericks were led by their 7'0 all-star forward, Dirk Nowitzki who averaged 27.1 ppg and 13.2 rpg enroute to defeating the Spurs 4-3 in the best of seven series.

In the Phoenix Suns/ LA Clippers series, the "Clips" surprised the fans and the Suns as they pushed the series to a final game seven. Led by their all-star forward, Elton Brand, the Clippers were the new team of "La La Land" as the Hollywood stars with all of their integrity, bum rushed the band wagon to become supporters of the once-laughable Clippers.

In a show of support, the most "Shining" example of a Lakers' turncoatism was none other than Lakers' number-one fan, Jack Nicholson. The Oscar award-winning actor flew on a private jet to the desert to watch LA lose a heart



breaker in double overtime. Pushed to a second consecutive seven-game series, the Suns rose to the occasion once again as they destroyed the Clippers in game seven. NBA MVP and Victoria native, Steve Nash will now face off against his old teammates and best friend Dirk Nowitzki in Conference finals.

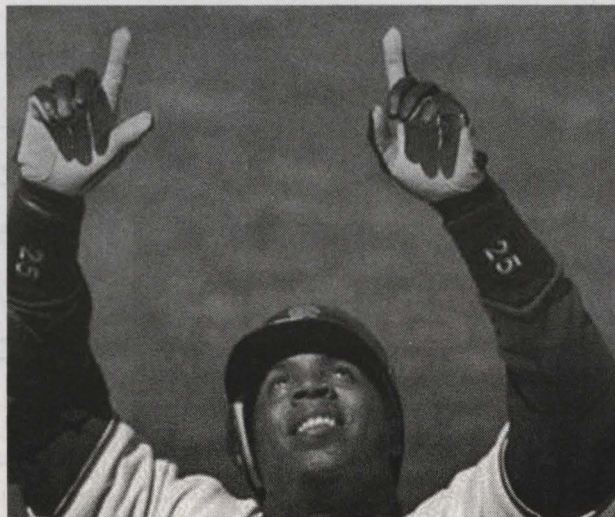
NHL Hockey—Deep Fried

With the whole nation behind them, the Edmonton Oilers have become Canada's hockey team. After serving up a heaping batch of Hot "Wings" with a victory in the first round against the top-ranked Detroit Red Wings, the Oilers changed the menu to include fish n' chips as they doused the San Jose Sharks in six games.

As the sole remaining Canadian franchise still vying for the Stanley Cup, the Oilers are hotter than a deep fryer in the local pubs.

"There's still plenty of room on the [band] wagon," said Erica of the Douglas College bookstore, who is a native of Edmonton. Proudly displaying her Oilers' jersey in her office, she understands the local Vancouverites need to "something" to cheer about.

Despite the subtle jeering from Alberta infiltrates, everyone (including Canucks' fans) is happy to see the Oilers gain momentum in their quest for the cup. In the western conference finals, they are currently leading the series 3-0 and are favored to sweep Anaheim...Peking 'Duck' anyone?



Making Mars A Woman

By Sajia Kabir



This world – we came here *in vitro* –
Cold and dry as a coelacanth fossil,
Yet red with blood's pigment.
In this land of winter we search for ice and snow
To force these deserts to flower
– to make this man our mother.

We search for the fossils
Of those we would supplant; maybe a trace of pigment,
Yeti tracks on Olympus snows –
Something that might be the ancestor of a flower –
Proof that this man was once a mother –
Could life be brought back *in vitro*?

We paint this world with other pigments –
Blacken with mine-dust the crystalline snow.
Dig up cliffsides to plant foreign flowers.
Talk on the net to our abandoned mothers.
So many of us could only conceive *in vitro*,
Others leave behind space-suit fossils.

The heat of our reactors melts the salt-white snow,
Yet not enough heat to open wide these flowers –
So cold my hand, trying to mother
Germ-plasm of fauna and flora *in vitro*.
Wonder if our grandchildren's grandchildren will make fossil
Imprints on a landscape where we've muddied up the pigments.

Radiation wilted the first surface flowers.
This is not a safe world for children; still mothers
Sing of hope from outposts *in vitro*.
Hope that finds order in fossils,
A hope of order in mingled and separated pigments,
A hope as bright as the fading snow.

I have looked for a way for this soil to feed mothers,
For our lives to emerge from *in vitro*.
To shatter without shame the dust of fossils,
Prism rust into a million variable pigments.
To bring out edelweiss from beneath the virgin snow –
Touch carelessly that second flower.

Last Call

Amanda Aikman, OP Columnist



"I'd rather be working for a paycheck than waiting to win the lottery." That's from the Bright Eyes song, "First Day of My Life." It's a clever yet simple metaphor for the reality of long-term relationships. Apparently, troubled troubadour Conor Oberst is trying to demonstrate that while real love is real work, it beats waiting around for the proverbial and elusive Prince(ss) Charming.

I've been thinking about this quote a lot lately, probably because I recently got married. After two-and-a-half years of living in sin (which I highly recommend—that sin is good stuff), my boyfriend and I officially "made it legal" on April 29.

I think the reason I've had this particular Bright Eyes' lyric on my mind since then isn't just because I'm no longer preoccupied with thoughts of dress alterations and RSVPs, nor

is it because I had nothing better to do than lounge on the beach and contemplate Emo songs during my honeymoon. No, I think the reason is because, unlike the unfortunate character in the song, I didn't have to settle for "working for a paycheck." And I'm beginning to realize how truly fortunate that makes me. It might have been a long and sucky wait, but winning the lottery was absolutely worth it. True, a moody 37-year-old Irishman with a penchant for beer and David Lynch movies might not be everyone's idea of a jackpot, but it works for me.

I had never been a "marriage" person growing up, I didn't dream about what kind of dress I'd wear or flip through catalogues looking for the ultimate china pattern. I was always of the "I-don't-need-no-stinking-paper-to-validate-my-commitment" camp. I thought weddings were a silly and unnecessary waste of time and money. But all that changed when he popped the question. The question being, "Do you want to go to Mexico for the honeymoon?" Man, what an awesome vacation, it was the greatest week of my life. And okay, yeah, the wedding was lovely, too.

Although it seemed like we were planning and waiting for it forever, the actual day was a whirlwind blur that I would hardly be able to recall if I didn't have it all on video. The karaoke footage alone will provide me with enough blackmail material to accommodate a very early retirement.

The one thing that surprised me the most about getting married was how it ended up feeling like so much more than just a formality. True, we didn't need the certificate to validate our commitment, but when the commissioner pronounced us husband and wife it really did feel like it meant something. And any excuse to have all of our favourite people in one room, even when they *are* singing really long Guns N' Roses songs, is always a pleasure.

So, by all means, take Conor's advice and keep punching that relationship clock, but promise me you won't panic and settle for less-than-perfect just because you're worried that your numbers will never hit. 'Cuz when they do, the payout is huge. And tax-free in Canada. Okay, I'm not sure what that last bit means, perhaps I should leave the love/lottery metaphors to the rock bands and get back to living my life of married bliss.

The OTHER PRESS IS HIRING!

A&E Editor!
Rep!
Opinions Editor!
Layout! Coquitlam

This is fun.
bug me later!



Email: othereditor@yahoo.ca for more info!